

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,095



NOVEMBER 22, 1890

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

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THE GEOGRAPHIC

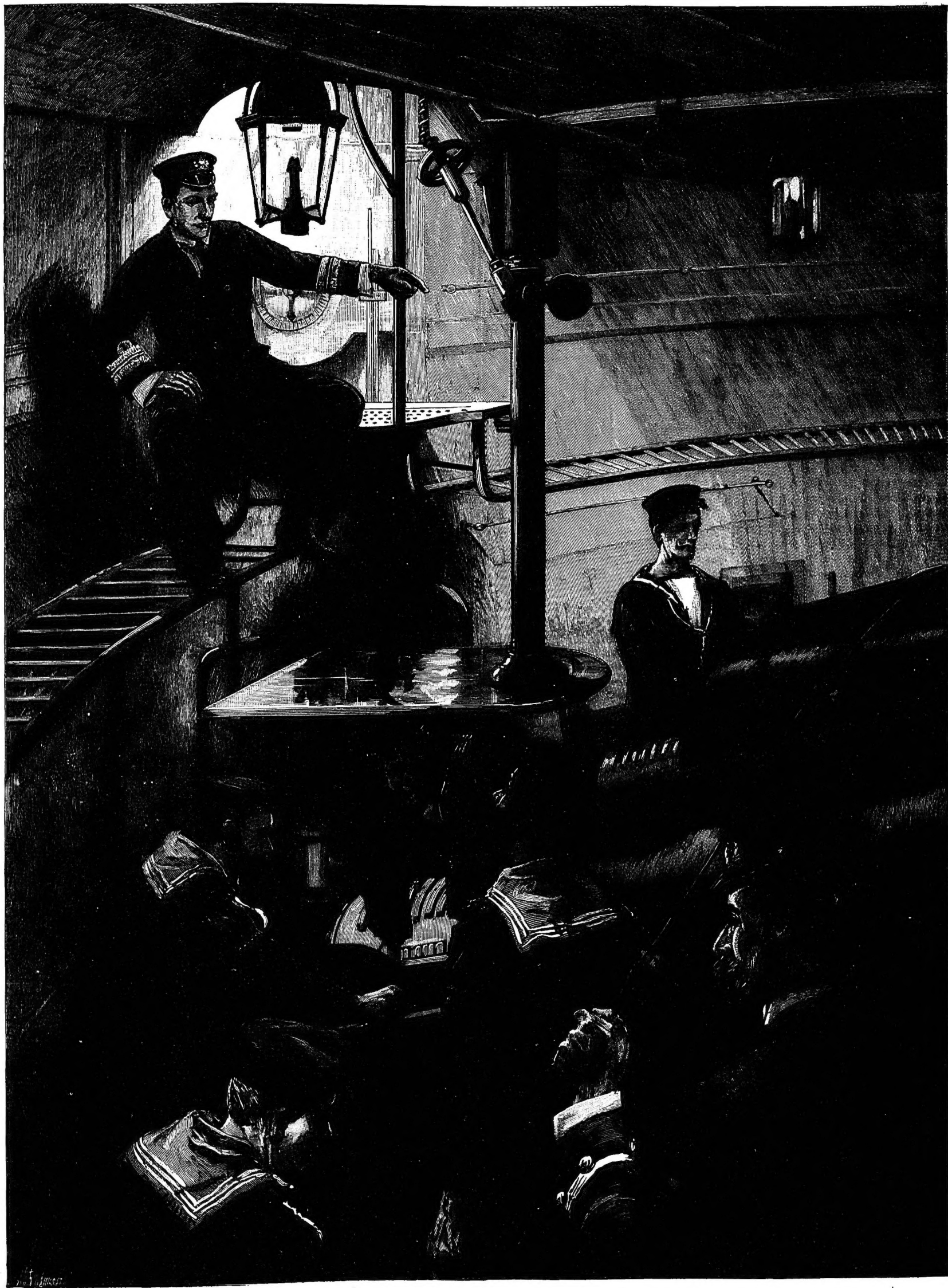
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,095.—VOL. XLII.
Registered as a Newspaper

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1890

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post 9d.]



IN THE TURRET OF H.M.S. "CONQUEROR"—LOADING THE FORTY-FIVE TON GUNS

Topics of the Week

MR. PARNELL'S POSITION.—Unionist journals have not acted wisely in crying out for the dismissal of Mr. Parnell from the leadership of the Nationalist party. They ought to have recognised from the beginning that the question is one which primarily concerns not the English, but the Irish people. Mr. Parnell has never professed to be—nor has he aimed at being—a leader of any section of English politicians. His relations to the Gladstonian party are those of an ally, not those of a chief. If, therefore, the Irish Nationalists choose to say that, notwithstanding all that has happened, they are determined to stand by him, no one on this side of St. George's Channel has any real right to question their decision. If evil consequences attend the course they may take in the matter, it is they who will suffer. They, alone, therefore, are entitled to say what that course shall be. That it will not be easy for them to follow Mr. Parnell with their former loyalty is certain; but they cannot forget that to him, more than to all other politicians put together, they owe the very large measure of success which their cause has won. They know, too, that among his lieutenants there is not one who is capable of taking his place. If it is finally arranged that he is to retain his position, we do not know that the Unionists, so far as their own immediate political interests are concerned, will have any reason to regret the result. Mr. Parnell has many of the qualities of a genuine statesman; and from the purely political point of view it is better that English politicians should have to deal with an Irish Leader of that kind than with a noisy, reckless demagogue.

CONGESTED IRELAND.—Although throughout Ireland generally, portions of Ulster being excepted, the standard of well-being among the labouring classes falls short of that which prevails on this side of St. George's Channel, yet, fortunately, the districts which truly deserve the epithet "congested" form only a small part of the total area of the sister-island. Nevertheless, the chronic condition of distress which there exists has produced momentous and far-reaching consequences. The miserably wet and chilly summer of 1879, which prevented the harvestmen of Mayo from earning their usual wages in England, was the main cause of the distress which led to the formation of the Land League, and ushered in that period of agitation and crime by which Ireland has ever since been plagued. The congested districts are therefore highly deserving of the attention of all those who wish to see Ireland prosperous and contented. Much interesting information has been given concerning them in a series of interesting articles which have lately appeared in the *Times*; and now Mr. Balfour has made public some of the results of his recent personal survey. He points out one fact, which is familiar to those who have studied the question practically—but which is carefully kept out of sight by interested agitators—namely, that these hard-faring cottiers are not suffering from the excessive rents exacted for their holdings. The rents are in reality moderate—about 4*l.* a year—but if they were altogether extinguished, the surrounding conditions would still cause the cultivators of these barren lands to be always on the verge of starvation. Mr. Balfour does not profess to have discovered any panacea for this chronic poverty, since the social conditions vary greatly in different localities; but he indicates that the introduction of cottage industries, fishing encouragement, emigration judiciously applied, and especially the construction of light railways, may do much to make the people more prosperous. The inhabitants, headed by their natural leaders, the priests, are evidently cheerfully desirous that Mr. Balfour should lend them a helping hand; and it is a thousand pities that gentlemen of the Swift McNeill type, who profess above all things to be patriots, should do all in their power to thwart the Chief Secretary's benevolent intentions.

THE LOSS OF THE "SERPENT."—Pretty nearly all that the world is ever likely to know about the wreck of the ill-fated *Serpent* is already in evidence. There seems to be no longer any question about her being in a perfectly seaworthy condition when she left England, while, even if the reverse had been the case, as soon as she got close to the rocks with such a heavy sea running, she was doomed to swift destruction. The one unsolved problem is why she steered so very wide of her true course to the West Coast of Africa. Conjectures have been rife that the strong easterly currents which race round Finisterre caused her to make lee-way, and that her compasses were falsified by the ironstone which abounds on the land. Both of these influences may, and probably did, operate as the *Serpent* neared the shore. But nautical experts affirm that both are entirely inoperative at the distance from the land where the cruiser would have been had she kept a true course. If this be the case it would seem probable that she suffered some damage—not necessarily of a serious sort—in the fierce gales she encountered before entering the Bay of Biscay, and that Commander Ross then thought it prudent to make for Vigo. When steering this course he would pass pretty close to Finisterre, and the current, together with the westerly gale, may have driven her

more to the eastward than the dead reckoning showed. One of the survivors states that at one time the course was laid south-east. If that was so there can be little doubt that Commander Ross was making for port. It is to be hoped that this shocking calamity will serve as an admonition to the Spanish Government to have more efficient lighthouses round about Finisterre. Although the night was thick, there does not appear to have been such dense obscurity as would have completely hidden a really powerful light from a vessel nearing shore.

THE COMING SESSION.—The public do not seem to look forward with much interest to the opening of Parliament. This is due in part to the extraordinary mismanagement of business during the last Session. Even Conservatives and Liberal Unionists no longer feel confident that the Government is strong enough to secure the success of the measures it may propose. If Ministers do not wish to court disaster, they will act much more warily than they did when they rashly touched the Licensing Question, and not less rashly declined to consider reasonable proposals for the amendment of the Irish Land Bill. For the moment, the Home Rule cause may have suffered some injury through Mr. Parnell; but, in any case, that would not have lasted very long, and it is the less likely to do so because the Tipperary trial, about which we shall hear much during the next few weeks, has been regarded with little favour in England. Probably the majority of Englishmen are still of opinion that the law ought to be rigorously enforced in Ireland; but they also desire that the Imperial Parliament shall give proof of its capacity to provide remedies for the grievances of the Irish people. What is wanted is that a good Land Bill shall be passed, and some of the truest friends of the Government have expressed their belief that no Irish Land Bill can properly be called good which is not associated with a measure for the establishment of Local Government. On this point Mr. Chamberlain had much to say that was worthy of most careful consideration, and it is to be hoped that his suggestions will be substantially adopted. The passing of a Local Government Bill and a Land Bill would be a genuine triumph for the Government, and might enable them to appeal without fear to the constituencies.

RURAL REPOPULATION.—General Booth has already got together more than forty thousand pounds towards his comprehensive scheme for raising the "residuum" from the hopeless slough in which they are weltering. It is, certainly, only a small fraction of the million for which he asks, but it will suffice to make a beginning; and if he can show, on a small scale, signs of permanent success, more money is sure to pour in. Here we will only call attention to one phase of this business, namely, the deodorising effect of rural existence on degraded town-bred folk. General Booth has the art of uttering pregnant sentences, and Prince Bismarck (who detests great towns) will probably cordially agree with the following words:—"Human beings were never intended to live in such gigantic, multitudinous, heterogeneous, wrangling, newspaper-reading masses as they do." This town-pent existence, too, is quite a modern phenomenon. The country proper is scarcely more thickly peopled now than it was a hundred years ago. The population of England has nearly tripled since then, but all the increase is in the towns. General Booth desires to restore the balance by transferring some of the slum-population of the cities to the fields. There is nothing absolutely novel in the experiment. As it has been tried with signal success in the case of neglected children, why not also with neglected adults? Much of the intemperance, the improvidence, and the shiftlessness of the urban poor is due to the inevitable surroundings of their existence. Fresh air, combined with firm yet kindly discipline and healthy occupation, aided by the varied and soothing sights and sounds of rural life, can scarcely fail to arouse the dormant manly and womanly instinct in persons who are apparently utterly hopeless and degraded.

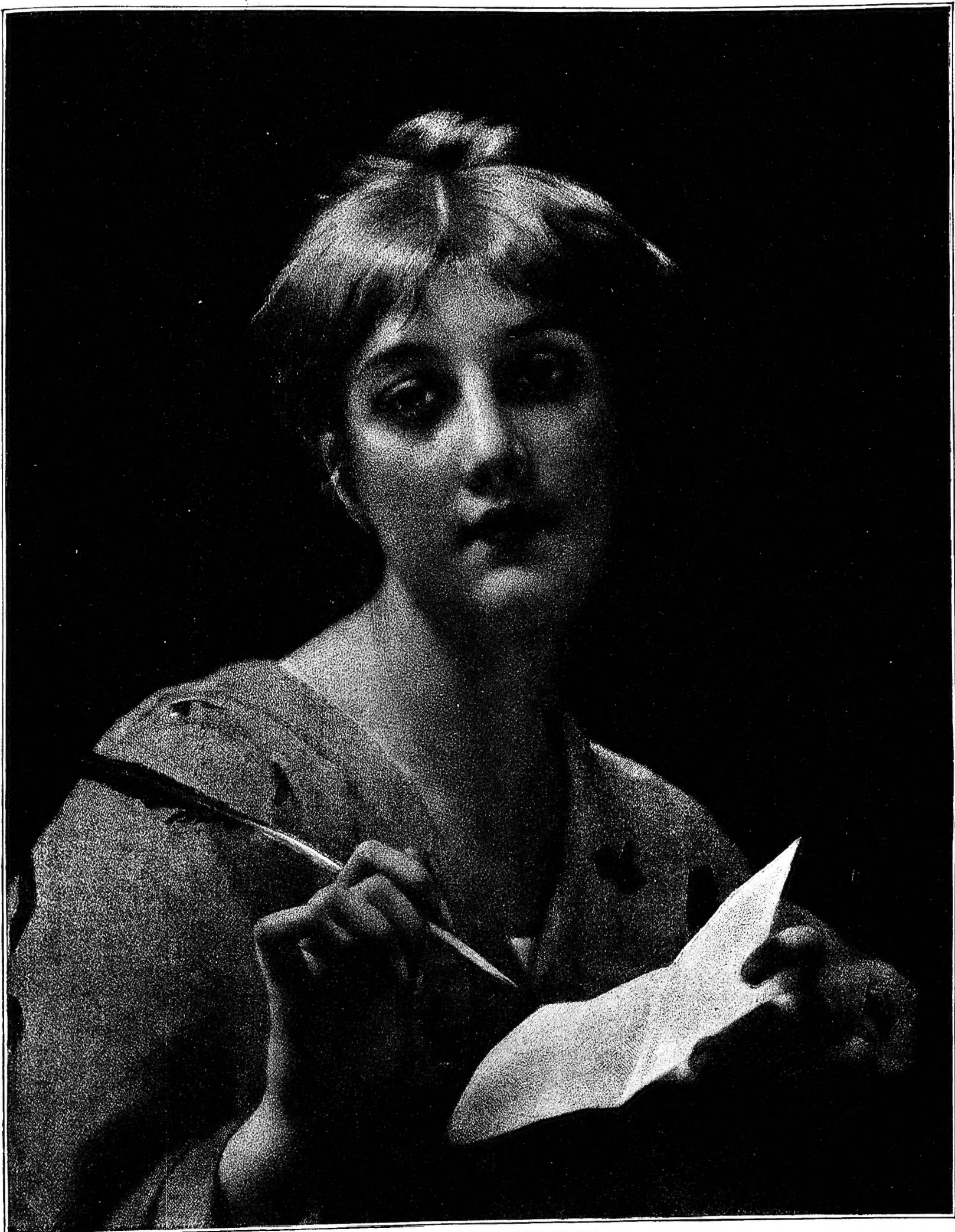
BARING BROTHERS.—If any one had said six months ago that before the end of the year the great House of Baring would be a wreck, he would have been regarded as a lunatic. Even quite lately, when evil rumours about the firm's solvency began to get about, they were almost universally regarded as "bear" concoctions. Other great financial houses might be shaky; but Baring Brothers could, it was declared, pass through half-a-dozen bad panics in succession without serious strain on their boundless resources. In spite of these confident assurances, the croakers continued to croak, until by the middle of last week the City resounded with quite a frog chorus. And then, after some terrible death-throes, the greatest merchant banking-house in the world had to apply to the Bank of England for assistance in meeting its liabilities. Those unacquainted with modern City ways are astonished that a firm whose annual profits from legitimate business amounted, it is reported, to three-quarters of a million, should enter into such perilous work as financing South American Republics. This would be odd if the venture had no other object than mere money-making; even merchant princes can live comfortably on three-quarters of a million per annum. But the controllers of the great house had a higher and more dangerous ambition. They were always looking about for new worlds to conquer, and

having established their supremacy as merchant bankers in the United States and the Far East, their eyes unfortunately alighted on South America. They saw that Argentina and Uruguay needed only development to take rank among the richest and most rising countries in the world; and, enamoured with the idea of creating a new world for commerce, the Barings addressed themselves to the Herculean labour. Unhappily, both they and their *protégés* went too fast, debts accumulated, borrowings multiplied, corruption got into high places, until at length even the monetary resources of the great English firm became exhausted. And so another "Black Friday."

DR. KOCH'S DISCOVERY.—It is much to be regretted that Dr. Koch's discovery was prematurely disclosed. The hopes of many thousands of unfortunate sufferers have been excited, and it is to be feared that a very large proportion of those who now look forward with confidence to the prospect of recovery are doomed to be disappointed. Dr. Koch does not profess to cure consumption at all stages. He expects his remedy to be effectual only in cases in which the disease has not made much progress, and even then the result must be attained by means of a lymph of which only small quantities have as yet been prepared. Dr. Koch himself writes on the subject with the modesty of a genuine man of science, and no invalid who reads what he has to say about the matter will be misled as to the value of his researches. It is not surprising that his work has attracted so much attention, for in Northern and Central Europe a vast number of households have bitter reason to know the power of this dreadful malady. Limited as the scope of his discovery is, it is a discovery which will mark an era in the history of medicine. Those who are cured may be liable to renewed attack; but there seems no reason to doubt that the remedy, if used at the proper time, will take effect as often as it is applied. It is possible, too, that further investigation will bring to light the method of subduing the disease at its later as well as at its earlier stages; and men of high authority think that the system may ultimately be extended so as to bring cancer within its scope. Whether these anticipations are fulfilled or not, Dr. Koch has already done enough to entitle him to the gratitude and admiration of mankind.

SIGNALMEN.—As the recent railway disasters at Taunton and Chalk Farm were both due to the default of signalmen, it is of vital importance to the public—apart from any philanthropic impulses—that these officials should be thoroughly fit for their responsible and exacting duties. People may wonder why Rice—the poor fellow whose lapse of memory caused the disaster at Norton Fitzwarren—had not retired from his post, seeing that he was sixty-four years of age, and had not long before received an injury to his head—but the simple reason probably is that he could not afford it, and, therefore, like other elderly men in similar circumstances, clung on until he should be actually ordered to go. Some light is thrown on this subject by a statement made at the Railway Employés Congress by Mr. James Bedford, the President. We hope it may be exaggerated, but we fear there is a large substratum of truth in it. Mr. Bedford says:—"Signalmen in some of the country districts are worked fifteen, sixteen, eighteen, and even twenty hours per day for a miserable wage of from 14*s.* to 21*s.* per week. Men of from sixty-five to seventy were still working in signal-boxes, because if they resigned, their only place was the work-house, as the companies would not grant them their justly-earned pensions." Lord Norton, again, who can speak with some authority on this subject, and who is not likely to overstate his case, points out that there are now only two relays of signalmen in the twenty-four hours, instead of three, as formerly, and that twelve continuous hours of such work, requiring incessant careful attention, is more than an average man can stand. He also maintains that, besides shorter hours, there should be an assistant in every signal-box. These reforms will, of course, cost the shareholders money, but they ought not to grudge it, and, in the long run they may find it may save them some of the large sums which they now pay by way of compensation for accidents. If, however, they refuse to do it voluntarily, Parliament should compel them to be more generous.

STANLEY, BARTELOT, AND JAMESON.—Public opinion has already made long strides towards definite and final judgment on the distasteful issues raised in the Stanley-Bartelot controversy. As regards Mr. Stanley, the evidence reveals a man of indomitable resolution and boundless resources, who, convinced of his own superiority to the rest of the world, cannot temper the *fortiter in re* with the slightest infusion of the *suaviter in modo*. High-handed, imperious, dictatorial, he was sure to come into quick collision with Major Bartelot, a man of kindred temperament. Of that gallant officer himself we get a portrait representing an embodiment of irrepressible activity and energy. It is recorded of him that, when still in his boyhood, he could not remain still for a couple of hours together. This restlessness, if we may so call it, clung to him to the day of his unhappy death. Both his biography and his diary contain numerous passages showing the pride he took in walking long distances at a rapid pace. To confine such a man as this to Yambuya Camp for a whole year was certain to have a terrible effect on his temper if not on his mental



Chromotypographie printed by Bousod, Valadon & Co. Paris

THE LETTER

FROM THE PAINTING BY ADOLPHE PIOT

balance, and we are not surprised that Major Barttelot, irritated past endurance by the monotony and inaction of his life, became something of a misanthrope. Even dismissing the woman-biting story as not substantiated by trustworthy evidence, the flogging of John Henry to death was brutal in the extreme, and equally so was the scoffing entry of the horrible incident in Major Barttelot's diary. Similar demoralisation appears to have occurred in the case of Mr. Jameson. According to his own showing, he provided a poor girl for a cannibal feast, and although he pleads that he did this under a misapprehension, he does not appear to have made the slightest effort to save the child's life after he discovered his mistake. Instead of claiming her, as he might easily have done since she was his by purchase, he remained a passive spectator while she was killed and eaten.

SHAKESPEARE TRUSTEES.—During the approaching Session Parliament will be asked to pass a Bill incorporating a body of trustees, to be called "The Trustees and Guardians of Shakespeare's Birthplace." If the Bill becomes an Act, the house in which Shakespeare is believed to have been born will be transferred to the trustees, and with it will go the Shakespearian Library and Museum. The new body will also receive authority to purchase Ann Hathaway's cottage. We may hope that no unnecessary difficulties will be put in the way, for the object is one of which all English-speaking men and women must cordially approve. If we were to count up our national treasures, there is not one that would be considered more precious than the splendid legacy which Shakespeare bequeathed to his countrymen in his writings. In them is one of the very strongest of the bonds which unite, and will continue to unite, the widely scattered members of our race. His art is so great that to every generation it seems to unfold some new meaning and beauty; and it is inconceivable that a time will ever come when his genius will lose any of the charm which it has had for us and our predecessors. It is right and fitting that everything which we believe to have been associated with a poet whose memory Englishmen take so much delight in honouring should be guarded with scrupulous care. We owe sincere gratitude to the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon and to the trustees of the Library and Museum for all that they have done in this way; but the task they have discharged is one which concerns the entire nation, and ought to be accomplished under a national sanction. The change will certainly not lessen the pleasure of those who in increasing numbers make pilgrimages to Stratford-on-Avon from all parts of the civilised world.

THE BANKS OF ENGLAND AND OF FRANCE.—There is a curious childish vein in the character of the French people, which enhances their interest in the eyes of us phlegmatic islanders. If there had been a monetary crisis in Paris, and the Bank of England had lent the Bank of France three millions sterling to tide over the difficulty, the fact would have been duly chronicled in the City articles of our newspapers, but few persons unconnected with the financial world would have troubled themselves much about the matter. But when the converse operation takes place, and the Bank of France lends the aforesaid sum to the Bank of England (which is precluded by the Bank Charter Act from providing the required money from its own resources) all the Paris journals break out into a chorus of exultation. How noble and how disinterested of the Bank of France to act thus! they cry. And how generous and self-denying only to ask for 3 per cent. interest for the operation, when they might have exacted much more! Then these red-hot patriots go on to assert that the financial centre henceforward is irrevocably transferred from the banks of the Thames to those of the Seine. Of course, we can afford to smile at all this tall talk, for there is nothing even very novel about the affair. More than fifty years ago a similar loan was asked for and cheerfully granted. In fact, as all City men heartily admit, the Bank of France has, in accordance with its excellent traditions, behaved admirably, but our sense of gratitude is a little blunted by all this crowing. Still, it is far less offensive than a speech made on Tuesday in the Paris Chamber by M. Laur, the Boulangist Deputy. He thought it was very unpatriotic to allow the seventy-five millions of francs to go out of the country, and roundly accused M. Rouvier of corrupt motives. However, as the Chamber promptly sat upon him and squashed him, we need not trouble ourselves further about M. Laur.

EARLY MARRIAGES IN INDIA.—Even after making due allowance for the proverbially misleading character of raw statistics, those collected by Mrs. Pechey-Phipson and Mr. Mukharji respecting early marriages in India deserve the attention of all philanthropists. Mrs. Pechey-Phipson, who is a lady doctor, has practised for the last seven years in Bombay, and by reason of her sex would have much better opportunities of forming judgment on the harm done to young native girls by marrying too young than any male doctor could possibly enjoy. It is, then, this high authority who asserts that native girls do not arrive at maturity at an earlier age than European girls, but quite the contrary. Such a startling statement requires to be supported by the most substantial evidence to secure acceptance. Native boys are unquestionably more advanced, both mentally and

physically, than European lads of the same age; there is not a teacher in India who has had both under his care but will depose to that fact. It would be most singular, therefore, if the reverse was the case with the other sex, and, without questioning for a moment Mrs. Pechey-Phipson's honesty, we should recommend the public to suspend judgment until the last word of what promises to become a very interesting controversy is spoken. She has, at all events, made it plain that early marriages are the direct cause of very terrible evils. Mr. Mukharji wisely confines himself to that side of the subject, and demonstrates statistically that the proportion of boys to girls of all ages in India is 50.5 per cent. to 49.5 per cent. But a most extraordinary difference comes to light when those between ten and fourteen years of age are separately considered. In this case the proportion of boys is 55.7 per cent., while that of girls falls to 44.3 per cent.; or, to put it in another way, during these four years two million more girls than boys die out of the whole population. When it is remembered that it is during this very period that the child-wives have the greatest strain placed on their immature constitutions, it will be admitted that Mr. Mukharji has made out a strong case for inquiry.

NOTICE.—With this Week's Number is issued an EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled "THE LETTER," from the painting by Adolphe Piot.



LYCEUM.—RAVENSWOOD.—TO-NIGHT, at Eight o'clock. Mr. HENRY IRVING, Miss ELLEN TERRY, Mr. Terriss, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Wenman, Mr. Bishop, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Howe, Mr. G. Craig, Miss Marriott, &c. Box Office open daily 10 to 5 and during the performance.—LYCEUM.

BRIGHTON THEATRE AND OPERA HOUSE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. NYE CHART.—MONDAY, November 24, Dr. BILL.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE.—Monday, November 24, and during the week (Wednesday excepted) at Seven HAUNTED LIVES. Misses Oliph Webb, Marshall, &c.; Messrs. Algernon Syms, W. Steadman, J. B. Howe, W. Gardner, &c.—MONDAY.—Concluding with THE MISSING HAMLET. Wednesday.—Benefit of Mr. Algernon Syms.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place.—CARNIVAL TIME, by Malcolm Watson, music by Corney Grain. Concluding with an entirely new musical sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled SEA-SIDE MANIA. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings at Eight, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Afternoons at Three.—Booking office open 10 to 6. Stalls, 5s. and 3s. Admission 2s. and 1s.

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS. WHIST! THE BOGIE MAN!!! **IMPORTANT NOTICE.** The Great Scene from Edward Harrigan's Comic Play of the MULLIGAN GUARDS SURPRISE, for which WHIST! THE BOGIE MAN was Written and Composed by DAVE BRAHAM for Harrigan and Hart in the year 1880, and produced in England immediately after his first representation in New York, by the MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS, will be produced at the ST. JAMES'S HALL, at EVERY PERFORMANCE.

EUGENE STRATTON, assisted by the fine JUVENILE CHOIR of the MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS, will PERFORM in Edward Harrigan's sketch, WHIST! THE BOGIE MAN! at the ST. JAMES'S HALL, at EVERY PERFORMANCE. New and appropriate scenery and effects.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. NOW RENDERED THE COOLEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN LONDON. ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT. TWENTY-SIXTH CONSECUTIVE YEAR of the world-famed MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS at the St. James's Hall in one continuous season. THE NEW PROGRAMME PRODUCED ON THE OCCASION OF THE JUBILEE CELEBRATION. On Thursday, the 14th Sept., having been received with the utmost enthusiasm, will be repeated EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT. DAY PERFORMANCES. EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Places can be secured a month in advance at the Ticket Office, St. James's Hall. Next SATURDAY AFTERNOON, at EIGHT, November 29, ST. ANDREW'S EVE, TWO SPECIAL PERFORMANCES OF SCOTCH NATIONAL SONGS will be given.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, and SOUTH COAST RAILWAY. THE BRIGHTON SEASON. Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea &c. New Fast Train, London to Brighton, 9 a.m. New Fast Trains, Brighton to London, 7.30 p.m. and 9.30 p.m. Third Class by 9.45 a.m. Fast Train, Brighton to London Bridge. Third Class by 4.0 p.m. Fast Train, London to Brighton. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between London and Brighton. Return Tickets, available to return by any Train same day, from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton—1st Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEK-DAY.—A First-Class Cheap Train from Victoria 10.0 a.m., Day Return Tickets, 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car, available to return by any Train from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton.

BRIGHTON EVERY SATURDAY.—Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 12.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon, calling at East Croydon. Return Tickets, available to return by any Train same day, from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton—1st Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Returning from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton by any Train the same day. Fare, First Class, 10s. Pullman Drawing-room Cars are run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton (Central Station), returning from Brighton (Central Station) by the 5.0 and 8.45 p.m. Trains. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s. 6d., also available for return (First Class) by any other Train same day from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via NEW HAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Improved Express Night Service Weekdays and Sundays. London to Paris (1, 2, 3 Class). Paris to London (1, 2, 3 Class). Victoria (West End) 8.50 p.m. dep. Paris (St. Lazare) 8.50 p.m. arr. London Bridge (City) 9.30 p.m. arr. London Bridge (City) 7.40 a.m. dep. Paris (St. Lazare) 8.00 a.m. Victoria (West End) 7.50 a.m. arr. Paris (St. Lazare) Single First, 35s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d. Return, First, 45s. 7d.; Second, 35s. 7d.; Third, 25s. 7d. Powerful Paddle Steamers with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

FOR full particulars, see Time Books and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly; and 2, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Ludgate Circus Office; and Gaze's Office, 112, Strand. (By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

HARWICH ROUTE to the CONTINENT.—The GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY Company's Steamers leave PARKESTON QUAY, HARWICH, for ANTWERP and ROTTERDAM every night (Sundays excepted). Through carriages run alongside from London (Liverpool Street Station) and from Manchester and Doncaster (via March), Birmingham (via Peterboro'), connecting with Express Trains from Scotland, Liverpool, the North of England, &c. The Company's New Steamers are above 1,000 tons register, and 4,000 H.P., contain separate Sleeping Cabins, Dining, Ladies', and Smoking Saloons, and are Lighted by Electricity. Average SEVEN DAYS to ANTWERP, SEVEN to ROTTERDAM, EIGHT HOURS. Through Tickets and Tours at exceptionally LOW RATES to all parts of the Continent. Sailings to HAMBURG every Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday by the General Steam Navigation Company's Steamers. Read the "Tourist Guide to the Continent," "Walks in the Ardennes," "Walks in Holland," profusely illustrated, 6d. by post 8d., for which, and for further information address F. Gooday, Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

THE BIRMINGHAM CATTLE and POULTRY SHOW, 1890 The FORTY-SECOND GREAT ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF FAT CATTLE, SHEEP, PIGS, POULTRY, CORN, ROOTS, and IMPLEMENTS will be held in Bingley Hall, Birmingham, on SATURDAY, November 29th inst. Admission to witness the Judging of the Cattle, Sheep, and Pigs (but not the Poultry) until Two p.m., 10s.; MONDAY, December 1st, 5s.; TUESDAY, December 2nd, 1s.; WEDNESDAY, December 3rd, and THURSDAY, December 4th, 1s. till five o'clock; after that hour, 6d. For Excursion Trains and other Special Arrangements, see the advertisements and the bills of the various Companies.

READY, DECEMBER 1, 1890.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "THE GRAPHIC."

The entire Number will be PRINTED IN COLOURS, and will contain the following Illustrations. A ROUNDABOUT ON THE ICE. By R. BARNES, R.W.S. NAVAL MANOEUVRES. By Wm. SMALL. A CONCERT IN THE NURSERY. By ALICE HAVERS. THE SAD STORY OF THE MAN WHO KILLED THE FOX. By J. C. DOLLMAN, R.I. TEDDY'S BUFFALO TRAP; OR, THE ILLUSTRATED NAUGHTINESS OF TEDDY AND HIS SISTER. By "MARS." TERMS USED IN BILLIARD PLAYING. Humorously depicted by REICHAN. A WET DAY. By ALICE HAVERS. AN OLD-FASHIONED LOVE STORY. By Percy Macquoid. HOW JACKY MARLINSPIKE REACHED HOME IN TIME FOR THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING. A Humorous Illustrated Story by HUG I. THOMSON. An EXTRA PRESENTATION PLATE, entitled "DESDEMONA," Specially Painted for "The Graphic" by Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, Bart., P.R.A. An interesting Story will run through the Number, entitled "A GROUP OF NOBLE DAMES," By THOMAS HARDY.

The whole enclosed in a Coloured Wrapper, representing one of ROMNEY'S Pictures in the National Gallery. On account of the enormous number of Colours, it is impossible to reprint; so if you require a Christmas Number, please order AT ONCE. PRICE ONE SHILLING. BY PARCELS POST, 3d. EXTRA.

The Series of Articles commences To-day. **IS IRELAND DISTRESSED or PROSPEROUS** A Tour with Pen, Pencil, and Camera in Search of Truth.

So much controversy has arisen with regard to the prospects of distress in Ireland during the coming winter, that it is difficult for the impartial reader to judge whether Ireland is really likely to suffer the horrors of want, or whether such gloomy forebodings are exaggerated for party purposes. With the object of laying before their readers the exact truth of the situation in Ireland, the proprietors of the

DAILY GRAPHIC have asked Mr. T. W. RUSSELL, M.P., to undertake a tour through the affected districts, and to write a series of letters giving the result of the investigations. Mr. Russell will be accompanied by the well-known artist

Mr. STANILAND, R.I., who will take a camera and send sketches and photographs, so that a true picture of the situation will be afforded by pen, pencil, and the camera, and the public will be enabled to form their own judgment. **ONE PENNY DAILY.**

THE LOSS OF H.M.S. "SERPENT." RELIEF-FUND FOR THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

"The Officers gave their commands calmly. These were obeyed without hesitation, and the last sight which one of the survivors saw on the ship was this—the officers standing calmly on the bridge giving their orders, and the men in the rigging obeying them, and the whole of that crew save three met death with that equanimity and courage which he trusted would ever be characteristic of the British Navy."—LORD GEORGE HAMILTON, First Lord of the Admiralty.

Donations in aid of the above Fund may be sent to the Editor of The Graphic, 190, Strand, London, W.C., who will be pleased to acknowledge all sums sent to him.



ANONG GIRL

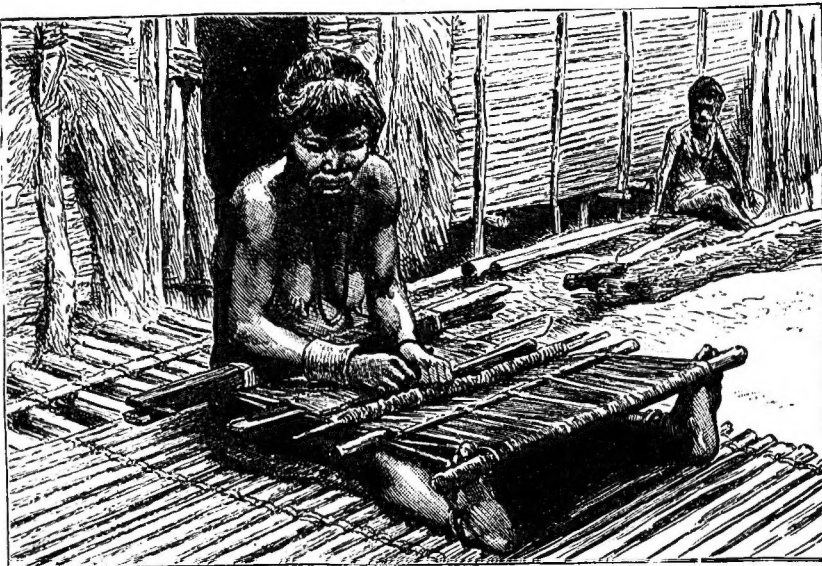


A BENONG BEAUTY

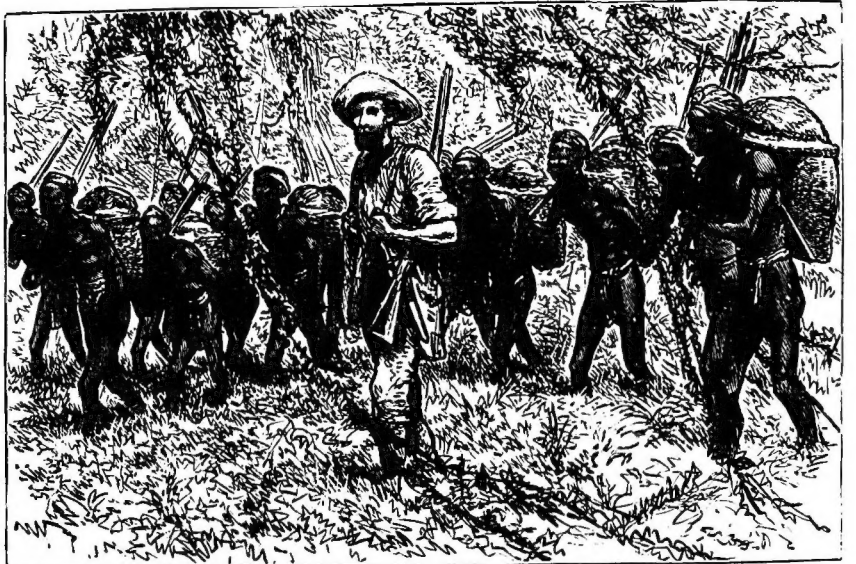


BENONG WOMAN

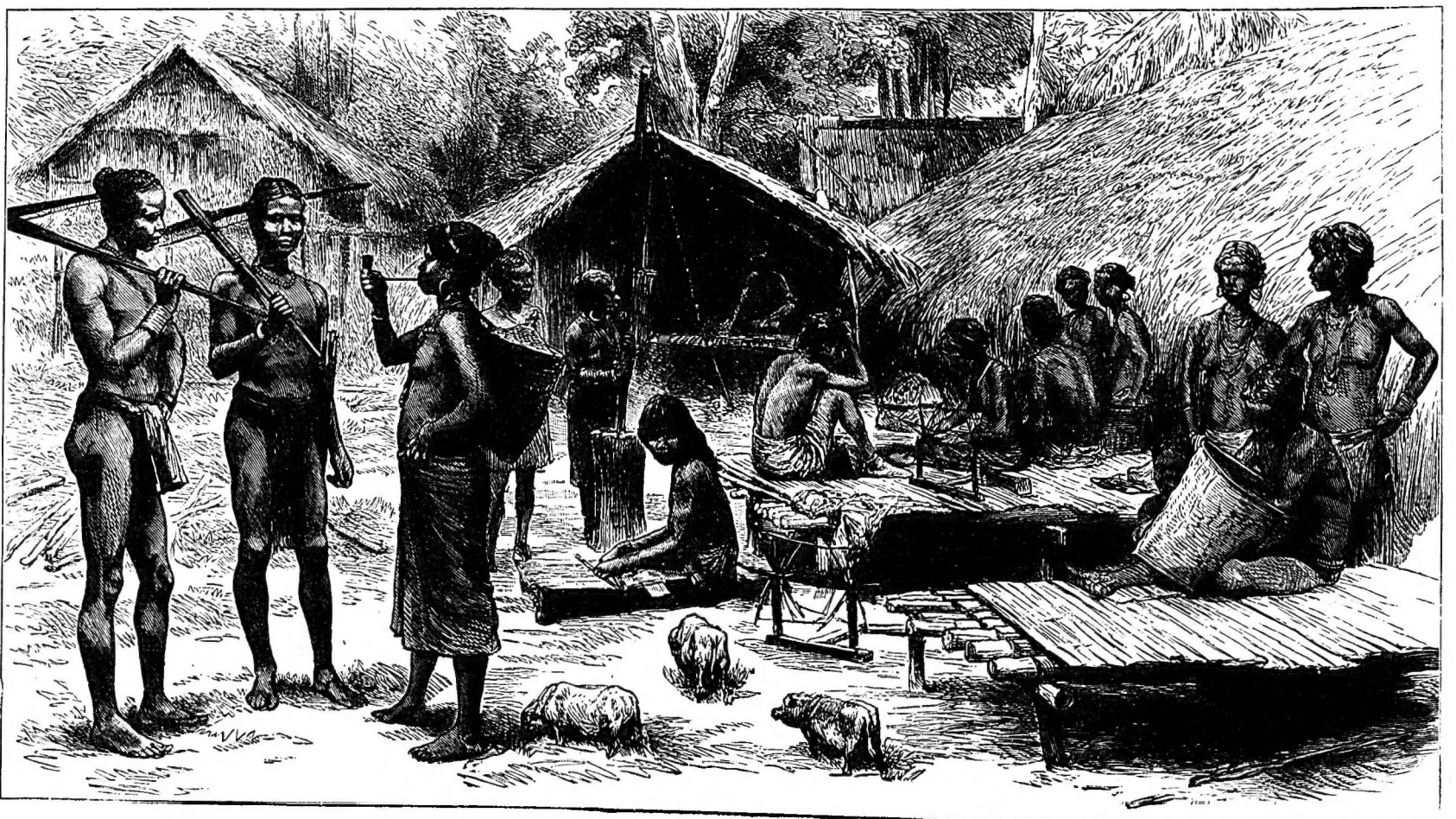
TYPES OF NATIVES



A BENONG GIRL WEAVING



THE EXPEDITION ON THE MARCH TO THE DONNAI RIVER



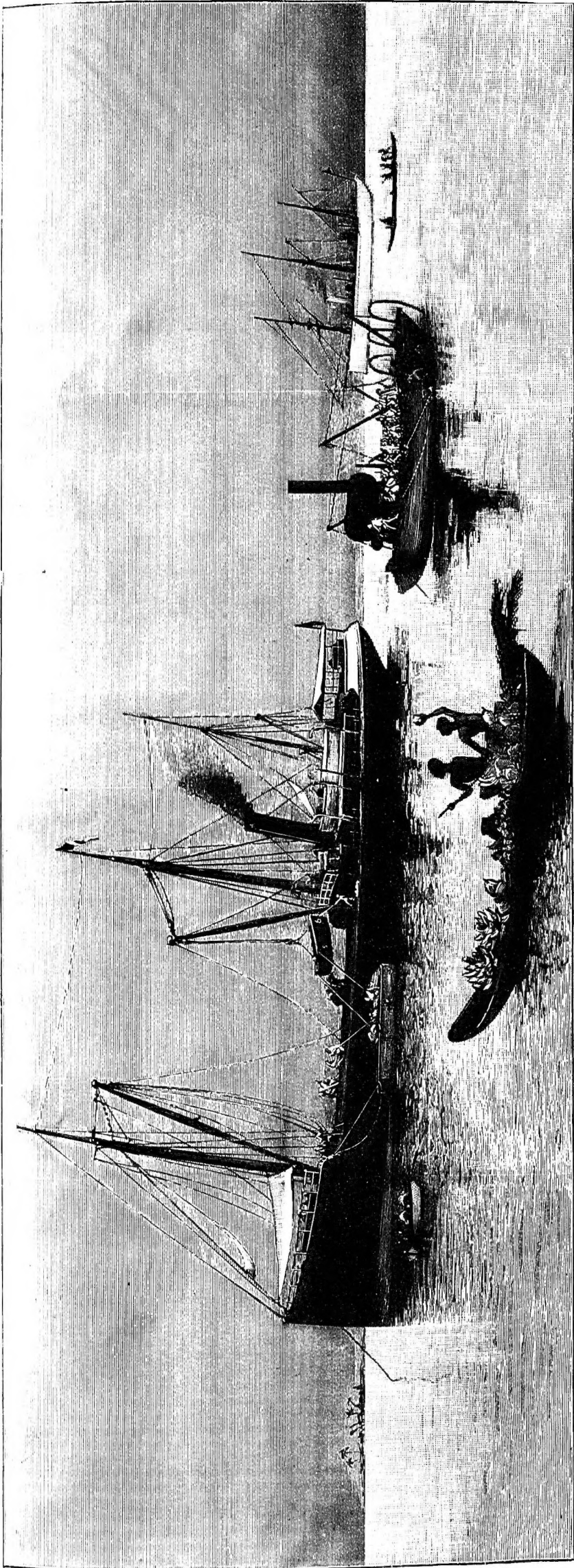
A NATIVE VILLAGE SCENE

AN EXPLORING EXPEDITION IN UNKNOWN TONQUIN

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE EXPLORER, DR. ROSSET

U.S.S. "KEDDIE"

"BUCCANER"



"HERALD"

"MOSQUITO"

FITTING TOGETHER THE NEW STERN-WHEEL GUNBOATS "HERALD" AND "MOSQUITO" AT THE MOUTH OF THE ZAMBESI



A FUNERAL PROCESSION
SIERRA LEONE STREET SCENES

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LOADING 45-TON BREECH-LOADING GUNS.

ALTHOUGH H.M.S. *Conqueror* (in the turret of which our sketch was made) no longer ranks as a first-class battle-ship, being relegated to coast defences, her armament is of the most modern description, and as tender to H.M.S. *Cambridge*, the gunnery training-ship at Plymouth, she serves to give the finishing practical touches to the education of seamen-gunners in the Navy.

The immediate subject of our illustration shows both 45-ton breech-loading guns at "loading position," the breech-block thrown open, while the hydraulic rammer pushes the great steel shot up into the breech.

Above, in one of the three little conning towers, is seated the gunnery lieutenant, giving the orders, which can be telephoned to him by the captain on the bridge, in the citadel, or from whatever part the ship is being fought.

No. 1 watches the shot to see that it enters the breech safely, while Nos. 2 and 3 stand by the cocks and levers for closing the breech, elevating, running out the gun, &c. In the foreground, holding on to the battery wire (for firing), is the captain of the nearer gun; to him is entrusted the duty of pointing and firing. This he does from a little tower above, in which the sights are fixed, the lieutenant giving the sighting distance. Wonderfully close shooting he can make too, in spite of the enormous size and apparent unwieldiness of the weapon. In fairly calm weather an ordinary rowing-boat a mile off would stand but a poor chance of escaping, and the full range of the shot is from five to seven miles. Hydraulic power is the motive for everything. With a strange hissing sound, almost as if gifted with a person, al intelligence, the great guns rise up to slide out into action, while the whole turret, with its walls of fourteen inches of solid steel, automatically wheels them round into the required position, the shot is fired, and the gun recoils into "loading-position" once more.

Veritable infants they are, too, in the care that is taken of them, for it may not be generally known that the greater the gun the shorter its life. The corrosion caused by the gases generated is so great that it is considered unsafe to fire more than about eighty rounds with full charges from the very large guns; after that they are sent back to Woolwich to be re-bored.

For the above reason, in practice, only one-third charges are used, and in blanks, quarter. This is quite simply managed, however, as the full charge is divided into four equal portions, each done up separately in a sort of silken bag. Another reason for the charge being thus separated is that in the explosion the powder may burn more slowly, so the full force of the charge is not brought too suddenly on the breech-chamber, and the expelling force is continued for a greater time.

UNKNOWN TONQUIN

See page 581

STERN-WHEEL GUNBOATS FOR THE ZAMBESI

It will be remembered that Her Majesty's Government determined in May last upon placing two shallow-draught stern-wheel gunboats on the Zambesi, and our engraving represents these vessels, the *Mosquito* and *Herald*, in the course of being put together at the mouth of the river. The form of construction was of a somewhat novel description, proposed by Messrs. Yarrow and Co., of Poplar, who were the builders. The vessels were shipped in floatable sections, and all that had to be done on arrival was to lower these sections into the water, bolt them together, and then place the machinery and cabins on board. This work was performed alongside the *Buccaneer*, which took the sections out from this country.

The *Buccaneer* is a new screw-steamer, specially designed by Mr. George E. Bromage, of the firm of Messrs. Tatham, Bromage, and Co., London, to whom she belongs, for the conveyance of heavy weights. Her dimensions are—Length 217 feet, beam 30 feet, draught 14 feet. Her engines, which are by Messrs. John Scott and Co., are 1,000 h.p., and she is fitted with hoisting-gear capable of lifting the 120-ton guns which she and her sister-ship the *Engineer* are able to carry. In our illustration the *Buccaneer* is just going to lower No. 5 section of the *Herald*, which is being put together alongside. On the right is the *Mosquito* in a more advanced state, with her hull screwed up and her boiler in position, and only waiting to have her wooden superstructure erected.

Operations were commenced on September 11th; the *Mosquito* was entirely completed in every respect and commissioned on October 1st; and on the 8th, led by H.M.S. *Redbreast*, the two gunboats entered the river, towing a large flotilla of lighters and canoes laden with stores and ammunition. The entire native population lined the bank, shouting, dancing, and clapping their hands. The *Redbreast* after escorting the flotilla for some distance parted company with it, leaving the officers and crews of the gunboats in excellent condition.

SIERRA LEONE STREET SCENES—A FUNERAL PROCESSION

THIS solemn sight is only too familiar in the streets of Sierra Leone, which, judging from the number of native funerals one sees

there, must be as much the black as the white man's grave. There being no horses, the coffin is either placed on a hearse drawn by men or carried on the shoulders of bearers. The chief mourners—men or women, those who take the position of such in the procession—are men, then follow the women-folk in black or black and white, the European costumes leading, and the fashions becoming more distinctly African as the cortege advances, till the booted gentry pass out of sight and the barefooted folk bring up the rear. Their demeanour very much resembles that of white people under the same sad circumstances. There are those who mourn, those who would have the world think that they do, those who go to show their garments, and those of that disposition which frankly enjoys any gathering without reference to the object for which they have assembled. The salient points of humanity are the same in every race, irrespective of colour.—Our engraving is from a drawing by C. Haldane McFall, Bewseymount, Warrington, Lancashire.

THE NEW DEAN OF WINDSOR

THE Rev. Philip Frank Eliot was born in 1835, and was educated at King Edward's School, Bath, and at Trinity College, Oxford. He was ordained priest in 1860, and after serving as curate in the Winchester and Bath successively, was appointed first Vicar of the Parish of Holy Trinity, Bournemouth, which he has held for twenty-three years. During this period there has been a remarkable development of Church work in the parish, and upwards of 40,000, raised entirely by voluntary contributions, has been expended on Church and school requirements. Canon Eliot is an impressive and eloquent preacher of the Evangelical school. In 1886 he was nominated to a Canonry at Windsor, and when Dr. Davidson was made Bishop of Rochester, Canon Eliot was offered, and accepted, the Deanery of Windsor, an appointment which carries with it the Domestic Chaplaincy to the Queen. In 1883 he married, as his second wife, the Hon. Mary Pitt, daughter of the late Lord Rivers. Before her marriage Mrs. Eliot was a Maid of Honour to Her Majesty.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

THE NEW CANON OF WINDSOR

THE Right Reverend Alfred Barry, who has been appointed to this Canonry, vacated when Canon Eliot was presented to the Deanery, is the second son of the late well-known architect, Sir Charles Barry. He was born in 1826, and was educated at King's College, London, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated as Fourth Wrangler. He took Orders in 1850, and was successively Head Master of the Leeds Grammar School, Principal of Cheltenham College, and Principal of King's College, London. From 1871 to 1877 he was a Member of the London School Board. In 1883 he went to Australia as Bishop of Sydney, and Metropolitan of New South Wales. This appointment he recently resigned. Dr. Barry is the author of various works, chiefly theological.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55 and 56, Baker Street, W.

THE RAILWAY DISASTER NEAR TAUNTON

See page 581

THE WRECK OF H.M.S. "SERPENT"

THIS lamentable disaster took place early on the morning of Tuesday, November 11th, off the north-west coast of Spain, not far from Corunna, on a reef of rocks a little to the south of the harbour of Camarinus, known locally as Laja del Buey, or Bullock's Ledge. The *Serpent*, which had only left Devonport on the preceding Saturday, had already encountered a heavy gale, after which a fog came on. Whether she was driven out of her course by the gale, or whether the needles of her compasses were deranged by the vast masses of iron which are contained in some of the mountains on that coast, will, perhaps, never be distinctly known. Out of a hundred and seventy-six souls on board, only three sailors escaped with their lives, and they were so bruised and wounded by the rocks against which they were dashed by the tremendous sea which was running, that they had to be taken to hospital. The vessel struck on the reef without any previous warning, and with such a terrific crash that in a few moments she sank. Numbers of those who were drowned never came on deck at all, but perished below.

The *Serpent*, although officially ranked as a third-class cruiser, was a fine-built ship. She was launched at Devonport in 1887, and was one of eight ships recommended by the late Admiral Sir Cooper Key. Their horse-power was out of all proportion to their displacement, the object being to combine speed and endurance with lightness of construction. Concerning these vessels, Lord Brassey says, in his "Naval Annual":—"In the construction of the hulls, economy of weight has been carried to excess; while in a seaway the heavy top-weight of armament throws an undue strain upon the light structure on which it is placed." Nor had the *Serpent* a good name among the sailors. She is said to have always broken down on her steam-trials, to have got a character for unseaworthiness, and to have been described by the workmen in the dockyard as a "brute." These statements may, of course, be exaggerated or untrue.

Commander Henry L. Ross, the captain of the *Serpent*, was the third surviving son of Mr. John Leith Ross (who, at the age of eighty-one, is still alive) of Arnam, Aberdeenshire, where he was born. He was about thirty-six years of age, and was said to be tender-hearted, good-tempered, and well-liked in the service. The first lieutenant, Guy A. J. Greville, was flag-lieutenant to Admiral Baird during the Naval Manœuvres of 1889.—Our portrait of the *Serpent* is from a photograph by Symonds and Co., 39, High Street, Portsmouth.

Lord George Hamilton, in a speech at Bedford on Monday, spoke of it as a "remarkable" that the navigating officer of the *Serpent* had been for some years surveying-officer for the coast of Spain. The Admiralty would, he thought, be able to provide pensions for the widows of those who had lost their lives, and their families would receive the remittances they expected from those on board. To provide them with further assistance, a meeting was held at Devonport on Tuesday, presided over by the Duke of Edinburgh, who said that the fund to be raised (see page 571) would be distributed through the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association.

"GLADYS"

NOTHING need be said about this engraving, except that it is from a picture by A. Seifert, a German artist, who makes a specialty of painting pretty faces. And even Herr Seifert has not often secured a more fascinating model than the young lady whose counterfeit presentment appears here under the fancy name of Gladys.

THE LORD MAYOR TAKING THE OATH AT THE LAW COURTS

AT 2.30 P.M., on November 10th, the Lord Mayor and the retiring Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Sheriffs and the Recorder, and attended by the Mace Bearer, the Sword Bearer, the Remembrancer, &c., came into the Court of the Lord Chief Justice, where (Lord Denman, Hawkins, and Stephen, who took their seats in State robes and wigs, and wearing their black caps. After salutations had been exchanged between the Lord Mayor and the Judges, Sir Thomas Chambers, the Recorder, introduced Mr. Savory in a neat speech, to which Mr. Justice Denman made a suitable reply. The Lord

Mayor then made and subscribed the following declaration:—"I, Joseph Savory, solemnly and sincerely declare that I will faithfully perform the duties of my office of Lord Mayor of the City of London." The claim of the City to all its usual rights, franchises, and privileges was then made, allowed, and recorded.

"OLD FRIENDS"

THE original picture, from which this engraving is taken, was recently lent by the owner, Albert Wood, Esq., to the Exhibition of "Sport Illustrated by Art," at the Grosvenor Gallery. The painter, W. Huggins, was born in Liverpool, and died in 1884. This artist, we are informed by the catalogue, is comparatively little known in the South of England, but enjoys a great and well-merited reputation in Lancashire and Cheshire. His best works—of which this is a specimen—entitle him to take rank among the greatest of animal painters.

"THE LETTER"

M. AD. PIOT, who has painted the subject which we reproduce this week, was born at Dijon, and commenced his studies in the atelier of the late Léon Cogniet, whose pupil he remained until the year 1850. During this period he sent to the Salon a single drawing, his own portrait. For, with the diffidence natural to youth, he dared not confront the severity of the jury in submitting a canvas of greater importance.

But after a few years' conscientious work he exhibited, in 1854, a large portrait in oils, of "M. T. B. P.," which attracted much attention.

For the next ten years his exhibits were so rare that one might have imagined that he had abandoned painting. But from 1863 until 1880 he exhibited regularly, and some of his works increased his reputation considerably. We may cite "Nymphes au Bain" (1866), "Abandonné" (1870), a very affecting subject; in 1872 "Le Vœu," followed in 1874 by "La Réverie," and at the Universal Exhibition of 1878 "La Petite Marchande." Besides these works he has painted many portraits. This year he had at the Salon of the Champs Elysées a pretty subject entitled "Le Bouquet."

The graceful pictures of this artist have always been much admired by the public, and in our charming little composition, "The Letter," the pleasant look of the young girl, dreaming so gently of what she has written, justly ranks him as a painter of great elegance and extreme delicacy.

PASTIMES

THE TURF.—Like Manchester, Derby was unlucky enough to have one of its days' sport postponed, the cause on this occasion being a dense fog. In other respects, however, the meeting was eminently successful. There were no fewer than 248 runners for the 20 events decided, 45 more than last year, and an average of more than 12 for each event, and some very good racing was witnessed. The Chatsworth Stakes fell to Elgiva, the Dovecote Stakes to Lord Hastings' Breach, the Osmaston Nursery Stakes to Lord Ellesmere's Sabra, and the Derby Handicap Plate to Mr. L'Anson's Queen Laura.

At the Northampton and Pytchley Hunt the principal events were the St. Crispin Nursery Handicap, which fell to Baron de Hirsch's Rose du Barry, and the Naseby Handicap Plate, which Freemason secured for Mr. Abington, who was thus somewhat consoled for the serious injuries which he sustained earlier in the week, owing to being "savaged" by Sea Song. Carbine secured the Catesby Nursery.

Talking of Carbine, we must spare a line to mention the marvellous record of the Australian horse of that name, which, now a five year old, has in thirty-four races over all distances from five furlongs to three miles won twenty-five times, been second five times, third three times, and only once unplaced.

To-day at Manchester, the decision of the November Handicap brings the flat racing season to a close. M. Ephrussi's Modeste was favourite for some time, but was unexpectedly scratched, and, at the time of writing, Mr. Charlton's Silver Spur and the Duke of Hamilton's Mercy are most in demand.

A beginning has already been made with steeplechasing. There was a capital day's sport at the inauguration of the new Lingfield racecourse on Saturday, when such tried old favourites as Gamecock, Chancery, The Saint, and Old Tatt were among the winners.

Prince Soltykoff has sent his excellent servants Sheen and Gold to the stud. Both stayers, and both blessed with a fine turn of speed, they ought to transmit excellent qualities to their offspring.

FOOTBALL.—The United Rugby forces of Oxford and Cambridge inflicted a very heavy defeat upon London last week. Since then, the Light Blues have beaten both Richmond and Salford, while the Dark Blues defeated Blackheath. Kensington easily succumbed to Bradford, and the Harlequins to London Scottish. Surrey beat Kent in the County Championship contest.—A minor Association match between the Casuals and St. Bartholomew's Hospital had far-reaching results. H. M. Walters, the Casuals' captain was so badly injured that his brothers "A. M." and "P. M." were unable to play for Old Carthusians in their Cup-tie on Saturday last, and their club, which was also deprived at the last moment of C. A. Smith's services, consequently succumbed to London Caledonians. The latter will next meet Crusaders, who easily beat Ilford, and a very fine match should result. The League matches also proved interesting. Everton, with a victory over Sunderland, regained the headship of the competition, but Preston North End unexpectedly succumbed to Bolton Wanderers, and are now only fifth on the list, while Blackburn Rovers, in a very hardly-contested match, defeated Notts County. Altogether, in point of merit, there is very little to choose between the League clubs, and it is increasingly difficult to prophesy the result of a meeting between any two of them. Oxford University have defeated Old Wykehamists and Old Foresters, while Cambridge gained a narrow victory over a good team of Corinthians.

BILLIARDS.—At the Aquarium last week Taylor, who played very creditably throughout, defeated McNeil in a spot-barred match. The victor has a more difficult opponent this week in Roberts, who concedes him 4,500 points in 12,000. The Champion, who made two breaks of over three hundred on the last day of his match with Coles, and snatched victory out of the fire, opened the proceedings this week with a break of 546. We shall not be surprised to see him this season beat his record-break of 690. At the Aquarium, those old opponents Peall and Mitchell are antagonising one another.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Salford Harriers' team, who have been "starring" in America, have now returned. They complain bitterly of the discourteous treatment which they received in Boston, but speak well of their reception elsewhere. Judging by the conduct of the "hub," culture and politeness are not synonymous.—Stansbury, the sculling Champion of Australia, who so recently defeated O'Connor, has been beaten by McLean. His defeat is attributed to want of training.—The case against Slavin and McAuliffe, as mentioned in "Legal," ended in a disagreement of the jury, and consequently we are still without a legal definition as to what is a prize-fight. Meanwhile, despairing, perhaps, of renewing his pugilistic vocation, Slavin, like so many other athletes, has taken a wine and spirit business in the City, and become a publican.—Much regret has been felt at the news of the death, in Mashonaland, of Mr. M. P. Bowden, formerly a useful member of the Surrey Cricket Eleven.



POLITICAL.—Parliament will be opened by Royal Commission on Tuesday next, November 25th.—On Tuesday, Lord Hartington spoke at Grimsby, Lord Granville at Alton, and Mr. Balfour at Liverpool, where was being held the Annual Conference of the National Union of Constitutional and Conservative Associations. In the course of an able and very comprehensive speech, Lord Hartington asked Mr. Gladstone to say, once for all, whether he shared the views of the Irish Nationalists as to the complete independence of Ireland under Home Rule as regards its internal affairs, or whether, should Irish landlords and Protestants be iniquitously dealt with by an Irish legislature and administration, they would have a right to appeal for redress to the Imperial Parliament, and if so what effective remedy would that Parliament have for redressing injustice when it had parted with all the machinery of the Executive Government.—The only novelty in Lord Granville's rather carping and querulous speech was his reply to the frequently-repeated challenge that Mr. Gladstone should declare how far his new and second edition of Home Rule differs from, or is identical with, the first.—Lord Granville defended his chief's persistent reticence on the singular plea that Lord Salisbury did not at the Lord Mayor's banquet "give the slightest inkling" of the measures which are to be laid before Parliament during the coming Session, just as if everything about them was not to be known in a few days.—In Mr. Balfour's addresses he gave an interesting and graphic account of the condition of the peasantry of the West of Ireland as disclosed to him during his recent tour. Looking beyond his plans for the immediate relief of their distress, he pronounced a permanent improvement of the condition of the West of Ireland peasant to be only possible if his habits of industry were changed for the better. At present he is "a farmer, or a labourer, or a fisherman," and Mr. Balfour added emphatically, "I say that if you are to raise him out of the condition in which he is at this moment, you must make him a better farmer, or a better fisherman, or a better labourer."—Mr. Gladstone's copious discharge of oratory in Midlothian and elsewhere north of the Tweed has been followed by a very striking protest on the part of "Young Scotland" against his policy. The elections of Lord Rector for the two chief Scottish Universities, those of Edinburgh and of Glasgow, were determined solely by political considerations. At Edinburgh Mr. Goschen defeated one of the ablest of Mr. Gladstone's adherents, Sir Charles Russell; and at Glasgow one of the most amiable of them, Lord Aberdeen, was rejected in favour of Mr. Balfour. In each case the majority of the Unionist was large, in Mr. Goschen's unprecedentedly so.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL at its meeting on Tuesday consented to make the London School Board a further loan of 100,000*l.*, interest to be charged at 3 i-8th per cent., per annum, and the principal to be repaid within fifty years and by equal annual instalments. An additional recommendation of the Special Committee on Contracts, allowing a contractor in certain cases to sublet portions of his work, was agreed to after a discussion.

GENERAL BOOTH, on Monday at Exeter Hall, and on Tuesday at Westminster Chapel, explained and defended his great philanthropic scheme to large audiences; on the second occasion the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland being amongst those present. His addresses were in his usual style of homeliness and occasional quaintness. Any money raised for his scheme would, he said, be enrolled in a trust held in Chancery, separate from that of the Salvation Army fund, but, like it, with himself as trustee. As in that case also, accounts would be regularly published, and a balance-sheet regularly audited and produced. All subscribers would have full control over the trustee. No religious bias would interfere with the treatment of any one who came to them under the scheme, but he admitted that in taking a man by the hand they did so as Salvationists. Adverting to the agricultural section of his scheme, he said that he had been already offered for its execution a piece of land sixty miles square, with all sorts of concessions and advantages. When this scheme proved the success which he anticipated, he believed that the Government would help him, and allow the parochial authorities to farm out their poor. At the close of his second address General Booth named three additional subscriptions of 1,000*l.* each, and intimated that during the day 4,556*l.* having been received, 43,171*l.* had been contributed towards his scheme.

IN SPIKE OF THE RESULT of the O'Shea divorce suit, Mr. Parnell's Irish co-adjutors do not seem to have any misgivings either as to his fitness or his willingness to remain their active leader. At the usual fortnightly meeting of the National League, in Dublin, on Tuesday, Mr. J. E. Redmond, M.P., who was in the chair, and who asserted that he spoke in the name of his Irish Parliamentary colleagues, not only referred in pathetic terms to his chief as a type of injured innocence and the victim of political malice, as commanding the "enthusiastic devotion and allegiance of the whole Irish people," and as in fact more deserving of it now than ever, but declared that Mr. Parnell had "stated his intention to stand by Ireland to the last." Some confirmation of this view is afforded by the fact that on Saturday, when he must have known from his non-intervention in the suit what the verdict would be, Mr. Parnell issued the usual circular to his followers, asking for their attendance in the House of Commons.

THE TIPPERARY PROSECUTIONS have come to a close at last. Messrs. John Dillon and William O'Brien, M.P.'s, were each sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment without hard labour. Mr. Patrick O'Brien and another of the defendants were sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and four defendants to four months' imprisonment. The case against the remaining defendants, among them Mr. Sheehy, M.P., and Mr. Condon, M.P., was dismissed.

THE DESPERATE AND FEROCIOUS AUDACITY of contemporary British burglars was exhibited conspicuously in a recent fight with revolvers between three of them and a Superintendent of Police on Sunday last, at the Hatfield Railway Station, just opposite the entrance to Lord Salisbury's park. Three men, suspected of having committed a burglary at St. Albans that very morning, were seen at Hatfield Station on the same day by a constable, who was beginning to search them when they succeeded in making off. They had evidently intended to leave by the 4.45 A.M. up train to London. Superintendent Wood, taking the precaution to arm himself with a revolver, and accompanied by Inspector Reynolds and two constables, waited at the station for the re-appearance of the men when the 9.5 A.M. train to London was due. The trio duly appeared on the scene and recognised their natural enemies, though in plain clothes. At once each of the suspects drew from his pocket a revolver and all three fired at three of the guardians of the peace. Superintendent Wood returned the fire, and a number of shots were exchanged, with no worse result, although the combatants were within a few yards of each other, than a slight injury to one of the constables. When the contents of their revolvers were expended, the trio took to their heels. Two of them escaped over the wall into Lord Salisbury's spacious demesne, but a third was arrested, and was brought on Monday before Lord Cranborne, M.P., who remanded him, highly complimenting the police on their courageous behaviour throughout.

WITH DEEP REGRET we have to record the death of Lady Rosebery on Wednesday, at Dalmeny, Lord Rosebery's Scottish seat, near Edinburgh. Lady Rosebery succumbed to an attack of typhoid fever, which began some weeks ago, and from which it was at one time hoped that she would recover. She was the only daughter and heiress of the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild of Mentmore, Bucks, and was married to Lord Rosebery on March 20th, 1878. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present at the ceremony, the Earl of Beaconsfield giving the bride away. There have been four children of the marriage, two sons, the elder of whom, Viscount Dalmeny, was born in January, 1882, and two daughters, of whom the younger is in her ninth year. Lady Rosebery was an active philanthropist. She took a great interest in nurses and nursing, and on the formation of the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute for Nurses Her Majesty appointed her President for Scotland. Lady Rosebery took a prominent part in the establishment of the Scottish Home Industries Association, and in promoting the success of the Women's Industries Sections of the Edinburgh Exhibition of 1886 and the Glasgow Exhibition of 1888.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of the Dowager Lady Roberts, second wife of the late Sir Thomas H. Roberts, Bart., and eldest daughter of the late Hon. Captain William Landon, R.N.; at the advanced age of ninety-six, of Sir John Francis Davis, Bart., who was attached to Lord Amherst's mission to Peking in 1816, and rose to be, 1844-8, Governor of Hong Kong, which post he resigned on being censured by Earl Grey, then Colonial Secretary, for sending a military expedition to Canton to avenge an attack made on a party of Englishmen at Fatshan—author of valuable works on China and of translations from the Chinese, to promote the study of which language he founded the Davis Scholarship at Oxford; in his forty-eighth year, of Sir John G. S. Sebright, ninth baronet; in his sixty-fourth year, of Mr. Justice O'Hagan, formerly judicial head of the Irish Land Commission, son-in-law of the late Lord O'Hagan; in his sixty-sixth year, of Major-General Charles Pasley, late Royal Engineers, who was severely wounded in the New Zealand War of 1860, was Agent-General for Victoria from 1880 to 1882, and closed his career as Director of Public Works to the Admiralty at home; in his seventieth year, of Lieut.-General Alfred A. Chapman, Colonel-Commanding Second Battalion, 18th Royal Irish; in his forty-seventh year, of Captain Matthew Liddon, brother of the late Canon Liddon, who bequeathed to him three-eighths of his residuary estate; in his sixty-first year, of Mr. Alexander C. Ionides, formerly Consul-General for Greece; of the Rev. Luke Curry, Canon and Dean of the Roman Catholic Church, formerly for thirty-three years an assiduous labourer among the Roman Catholic community of Carlisle; in his sixty-second year, at Paris, which he had made his home, of Mr. John Lewis Brown, the spirited painter of sporting and military scenes; and in his sixty-sixth year, of Mr. Shirley Hibberd, a well-known authority and writer on horticulture, for many years editor of the *Gardener's Magazine*.

CENTRAL AFRICA

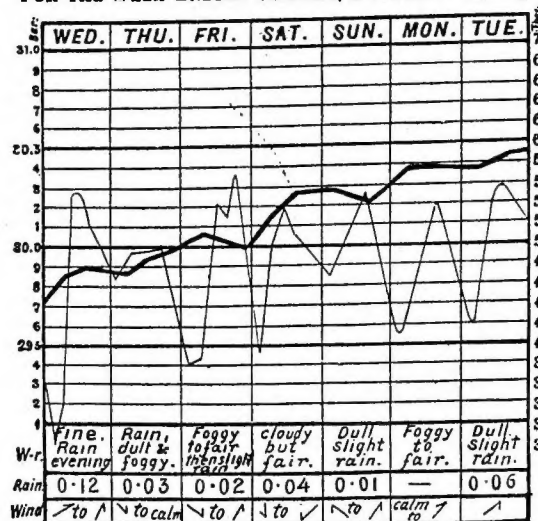
THE latest addition to the literature of the Dark Continent and the dispute about the Rear Column of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, is, "With Stanley's Rear Column," by J. Rose Troup (Chapman and Hall). This is the book on which an injunction was laid by the Court of Chancery on the ground that Mr. Troup had undertaken not to publish anything about the Expedition until a certain time after the publication of the official account. In the end, however, the matter was compromised, as Mr. Troup complained that Mr. Stanley had broken his contract by neglecting to provide sundry necessities. The cause of this book being written was the correspondence published by Mr. Stanley in the newspapers, for Mr. Troup feeling himself misrepresented in the letters, and obtaining no immediate redress from Mr. Stanley, determined to publish his own account of the camp at Yambuya. Mr. Troup makes a calm and temperate statement of his case. There is no mention in the book of the awful atrocities said to have been committed, and as for his own share of the work, Mr. Troup seems to have managed his transport duties to every one's satisfaction. In Mr. Troup's diaries Major Barttelot always appears working hard to obtain porters, and more anxious than any of the officers to push on after Stanley. Mr. Troup thinks that Tippoo Tib was really unable to persuade his men to go, and not very desirous to make them, so, under the circumstances, it is difficult to see how the Rear Column could have moved, more especially as the scum of the Expedition had been left behind to carry the larger part of the loads. At all events, it is not quite fair to saddle Mr. Troup, a subordinate officer, with the responsibility of the Rear Column's failure to make bricks without straw. Mr. Troup does not seem to have been very friendly with Major Barttelot, but for all that he is careful to do no injustice to that unfortunate officer, and speaks about the Expedition in the frank and open manner of one who has nothing to conceal. The book is an important contribution to the Rear Column controversy, and should be read side by side with Major Barttelot's Letters and Diaries. It is illustrated with some very interesting reproductions of photographs taken on the spot, and with some capital drawings of heads of natives. There is also an excellent map of the Congo, as far as it concerned the Rear Column.

A NEW SCHEME for making known the celebrities of the day to the public has been started by the London Stereoscopic Company. Every night, from dusk till about ten, an exhibition under the title of "Familiar Faces" is held upon the first floor of their Regent Street premises. By means of a new electrical projection apparatus of 6,000 candle-power, portraits of all the leading celebrities, Royal, Parliamentary, literary, artistic, and theatrical are thrown in succession upon a large ground-glass screen. There is no charge for admission.

A REGIMENT OF GENTLEMEN.—"A few years ago," writes a correspondent, "a suggestion was made that a regiment or regiments should be formed, to be recruited from a class superior to that from which the ordinary recruit for the army is taken. It is a pity the proposal did not receive more attention than it would appear to have done. There are large numbers of young men of good education and first-rate physical training who would make excellent soldiers, but who are either unable to pass the competitive examinations for commissions, are over the limited age, or are not in a position, from a pecuniary point of view, to live the life of an officer with all the attendant expenses. Although a certain number of such men enlist, the majority are deterred from so doing by the class of comrades with whom they would be obliged to associate; while many of those who do enlist are either 'ne'er-do-wells,' with low tastes and indifferent characters, or men who, finding the associations of the life unbearable, in a very short time get their friends to buy them out. It was suggested that candidates for the particular regiments should be required to pass an easy qualifying examination in Latin, French, or German, elementary mathematics, history, and geography. There are any number of young fellows (professional men's sons and others) who could easily pass such an examination, and who are far better fitted for the army, both by inclination and training, than for a life spent on an office stool—a life with which so many of them have to be content, notwithstanding the fact that their whole nature cries out against the confinement and the sedentary occupation of a clerkship. Such men would gladly enlist in a regiment in which they would find comrades of their own class, and they would doubtless make first-rate soldiers."

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1890



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (18th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been unsettled, rainy, and mild in nearly all parts of the United Kingdom. During the first part of the time pressure was lowest off our North-Western or Western Coasts, and highest in the extreme North-East, or to the South-Eastward of our Islands. The winds blew consequently from the Southward (South-West to South-East), and occasionally attained the strength of a gale in several parts of the country. On the whole the weather was dull and rainy. The weather was humid and mild for the most part, but a little frost was reported by night at some Scottish Stations, and also over Southern England. By Saturday (15th inst.) a "V" shaped depression was shown lying between the Shetland Isles and the South-Western Coasts of Norway, and a brief spell of North-Westerly breezes was experienced over the greater part of our Island, with, however, no material change in the conditions of the weather. In the course of Saturday evening (15th inst.) the mercury began to fall in the West, and by Sunday (16th inst.) a large depression was shown off our more Western Coasts, with fresh Southerly breezes in that locality, and slight South-Easterly airs elsewhere. Towards the close of the week a distinct increase in pressure took place generally, and an anticyclone had become established over the North-West of France. Dull, rainy weather, however, continued to prevail in most places, and temperature remained high for the time of year generally. The highest temperatures, which occurred towards the end of the period, ranged from 55° to 59°, while the highest reading of all, which was reported from Dublin on Friday (14th inst.), reached 62°. The lowest values, which were mostly registered during the early part of the time, showed slight frost in some parts of Scotland and in the South of England.

The barometer was highest (30.45 inches) on Tuesday (18th inst.); lowest (29.70 inches) on Wednesday (12th inst.); range 0.75 inob.

The temperature was highest (57°) on Friday (14th inst.); lowest (31°) on Wednesday (12th inst.); range 26°.

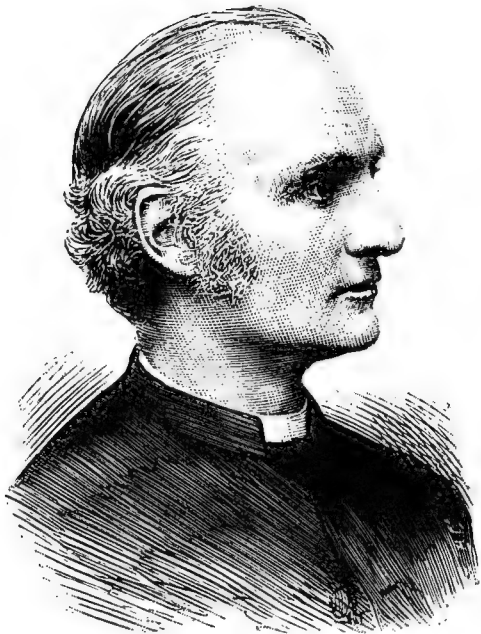
Rain fell on six days. Total amount 0.28 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.12 inch on Wednesday (12th inst.)

ALREADY THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, which is to be held at Chicago to celebrate the fifth centenary of the discovery of America by Columbus, has its own particular newspaper. The first number of *The Illustrated World's Fair* now lies before us. It is a beautifully-printed journal, containing well-executed portraits of Colonel George R. Davis, the Director-General of the Exhibition, and of the Commissioners representing the various States of the Union; and in addition there are interesting pictures of the many wonderful structures which ingenious American inventors have suggested in order that Chicago shall "whip" Paris and its Eiffel Tower. The director of the new paper, which is to be published monthly, is Mr. Jewell N. Halligan, M'Vicker's Theatre Building, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

A VERY INTERESTING SERVICE, throughout in Latin, was held on Monday evening in Westminster Abbey, in commemoration of the benefactors of Westminster School, the congregation including a number of distinguished old Westminsters and others, the Lord Chancellor among them. After the service, the Head Master, the Rev. W. G. Rutherford, read a brief history of the various benefactions by which the famous school has been enriched. Then followed a sermon, preached by the Dean of Lincoln, the Very Rev. W. J. Butler, himself an old Westminister, in the course of which he recapitulated names of eminent men in all departments who have gone forth from Westminster School. Admitting, regretfully, that the palmy days of the "grand old school" belonged to the past, Dr. Butler looked forward hopefully to the time when, with new arrangements to meet altered conditions, "Our Westminster" should be once more "the grand school of this Empire City."

NATIVE ENGLISH IN INDIA still furnishes much amusement to the European traveller. When the Governor of Madras lately made a tour, one admirer wrote to excuse his non-appearance at the railway-station as he "had the pleasure of a scorpion in his left leg," but promised to "bring my invaluable lute to play before your Excellency as an indulgent son." A railway official lamented that a panther invaded his platform, but he "met the attack by shutting himself in his office and ringing the station bell;" while another complained that his pointsmen had been fighting, as the aggressor "threw a stone at Ram Buksh which fortunately hit Ram Buksh's wife." He added that "unless both these men are scattered in different directions by opposing trains there will be murder and suicide, including to myself." On visiting a local hospital the Governor was presented with a petition against the surgeon in charge, who, said the complainants, "had a string loose over his subordinates, and will never secure Heaven. Quite the contrary will surely be his fate."

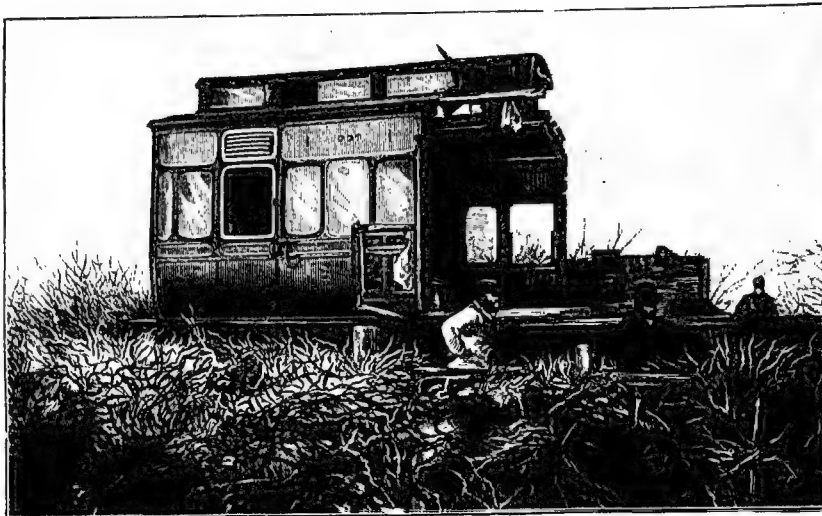
DR. KOCH IS THE HERO OF THE DAY, and doctors and patients are pouring into Berlin to test the famous treatment. So great is the rush that both lymph and accommodation are nearly exhausted, though Dr. Koch's assistants are working almost night and day, and temporary hospitals are being fitted up on all sides. Sixteen hundred doctors, of all nationalities, are said to be in Berlin, including the two London physicians who brought the first English patient for treatment. Dr. Koch duly published the account of his discovery at the end of last week, arousing a universal chorus of admiration, even from his most jealous contemporaries in Vienna and Paris. However, he still keeps secret the composition of his lymph, which he has christened "paratoid," and has shut himself up to meet the demand for an ample supply, while his first lieutenant, Professor von Bergmann, lectures and demonstrates on the treatment. Probably Dr. Koch will receive the public thanks of the nation, voted by Parliament, besides more substantial rewards, and the Government will take steps at once to bring the remedy within the reach of the poorer classes. Then, while his assistants carry out his system of treatment, Dr. Koch himself will be free to resume his investigations respecting the *bacilli* of other diseases, particularly diphtheria, which have been interrupted by the present discovery. Most Continental Governments are sending experts to Berlin, with the view of introducing the remedy into their own countries.



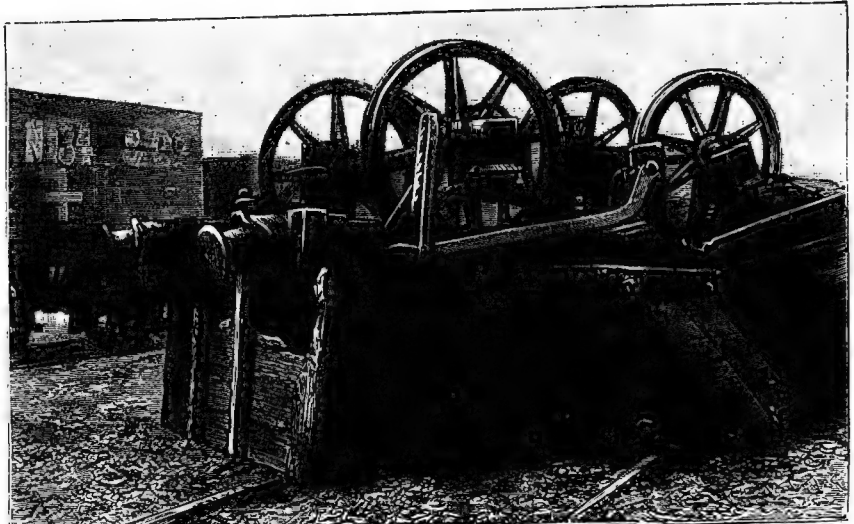
CANON ELIOT
The New Dean of Windsor



BISHOP BARRY
The New Canon of Windsor

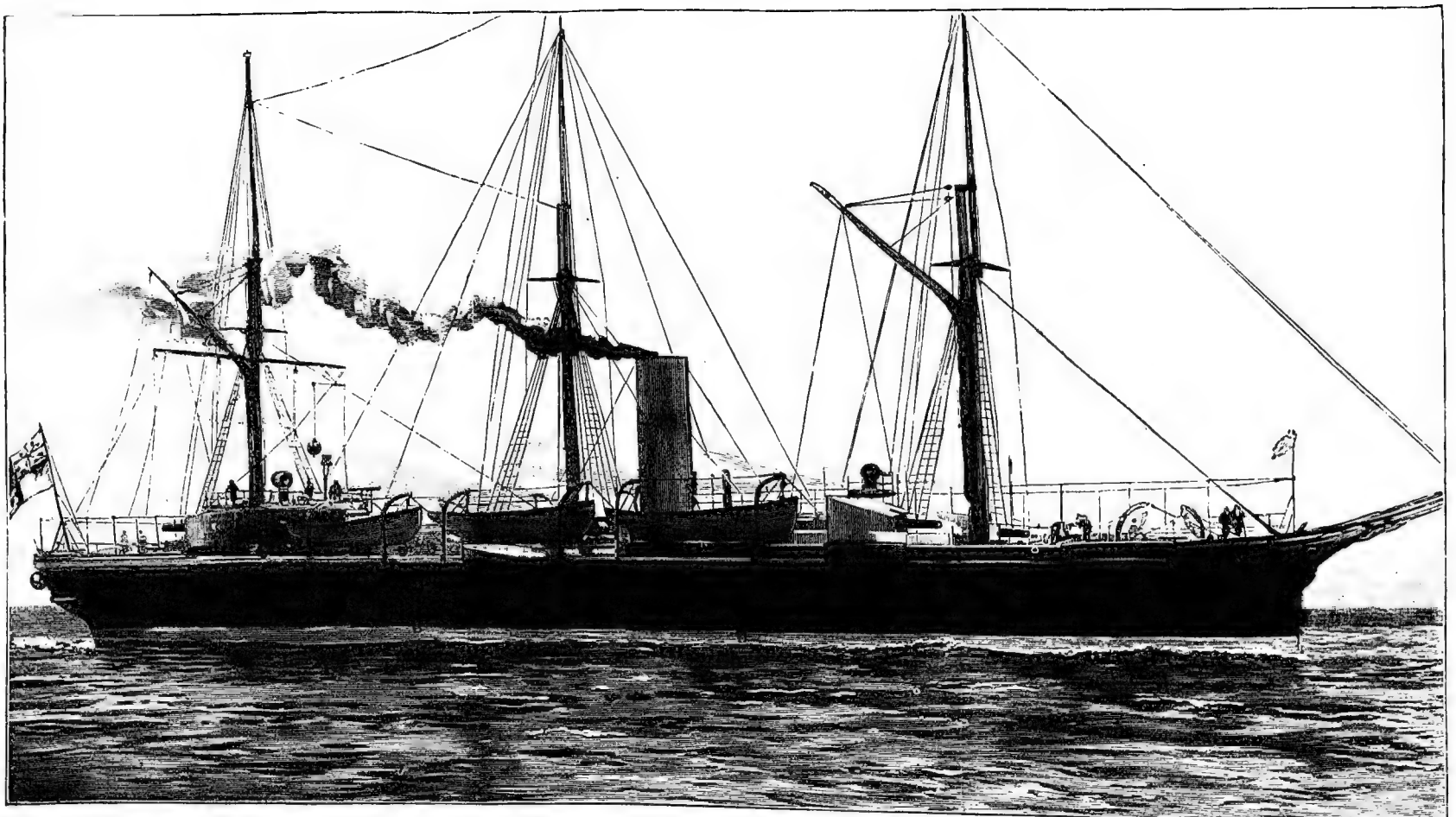


THE SECOND-CLASS COMPARTMENT IN WHICH A WOMAN AND FIVE CHILDREN
REMAINED UNINJURED



A TRUCK OF THE GOODS TRAIN, OVERTURNED BY THE FORCE OF THE COLLISION

THE RAILWAY DISASTER ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY NEAR TAUNTON
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ACCIDENT



H.M. CRUISER "SERPENT" LOST OFF CAPE VILLANO, SPAIN



MR. OSWALD CRAWFORD, C.M.G., has collected into one volume "Round the Calendar in Portugal" (Chapman and Hall), a series of charming word-pictures of the valley of the Douro. What a singularly competent man may fail in rendering to the eye of the mind is made clear by the work of such artists as "Miss Dorothy Tennant," Mrs. Arthur Walter, Miss Alice Woodward, Miss Winifred Thomson, Mr. Tristram Ellis, Mr. Ambrose Lee, and the author himself. Three or four of the chapters of this work have previously appeared in the form of magazine articles. Those who have read them will remember that Mr. Crawford spoke of rural Portugal as a sort of Arcadia, saying also many kind things in praise of the Portuguese generally. Our Consul at Oporto was near the end of his task when certain political events placed him in an awkward predicament. We will allow Mr. Crawford to describe the situation:—"I had spoken," he writes, "highly of their kindness and generosity, and here was a whole nation, through their Press, calling my countrymen every vile name they could think of, from Pig to Pirate, foully abusing the most cherished institutions and the most honoured personages of my native land, and singling me out personally because I had put forth a mild remonstrance on behalf of my countrywomen against insults to a small minority of the Oporto students, and this only at the special invitation of the students themselves, with names and phrases that Rabelais at his foulest would blush for. I had praised the manhood and manners of the nation, and there were some hundreds of the older of these undergraduates, ranging in age from twenty-one to thirty, banding themselves together by a solemn league and covenant, each and all, separately and collectively, to assault me personally in the streets." The author resolved to be magnanimous, and, offering merely a few lines of explanation, has not allowed late unpleasantness to affect his portraiture of a hardy, interesting peasantry, and a charming countryside. There is all the difference, too, between the mob of Lisbon and the yeomen of the Douro valley. "A distinguished diplomat," writes the author, "who has passed some years in Lisbon, said to me with some enthusiasm, when he first came to Oporto, and saw the peasants, who at times flock to that city, 'This is another race of men altogether—these are the Portuguese I have read of in history.'" In plain truth they are. In their veins certainly runs much of the blood of the dominant Northern race who invaded the country in very early days. Their looks and their stature proclaim it, and their manly character, and the splendid record of the achievements prove it. Mr. Crawford describes, as he knows how, the region which extends some thirty miles on either side of the great river Douro and back landwards to the frontier mountains of Spain. He subdivides his subject under the months of the year, and there is nothing in Nature or in rustic life in the country of his sojourn of which he does not convey to us an impression vividly, gracefully, and well.

Two very pleasant works describing provincial life in a continental country are Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare's "South-Eastern France" and "North-Eastern France" (George Allen). He quotes approvingly the observation of Balzac: "Ce qu'il y a de plus étranger en France pour les Français, c'est la France." Frenchmen, as a rule, know nothing of their native country beyond the neighbourhood of Paris and that of their own country residence. "Englishmen," says Mr. Hare, "who think they have travelled in France usually know it still less. They spend a winter on the coast near Nice or Biarritz, or make a summer tour in Normandy and Brittany, or on the Loire; but Englishmen always begin to play at 'follow the leader' from the moment they cross the Channel, and are apt to judge of the rest of France by the districts they rush through in express trains on the lines to Marseilles, Bordeaux, or Strasbourg. Thus they describe it as a land of featureless plains, with long lines of poplars for vegetation, ignoring the fact that in France, which is three times the size of Great Britain, one-third of the country is mountainous, and that its mountains include fifty peaks above eleven thousand feet high." During the last three years Mr. Hare has annually spent ten weeks in wandering through the length and breadth of the country. As an inducement to others—his countrymen—to go and do likewise, he mentions that for the first two years, even in a train or at a railway station, he never saw an English traveller after leaving Paris; during the last year he met a boy on a bicycle, and found two old ladies economising at a little inn on the Cher. In climate, scenery, and characteristics of every kind, observes Mr. Hare, the different parts of France are entirely unlike each other. Every great town also is made interesting and suggestive by its individuality—clerical, aristocratic, Republican, æsthetic, or commercial. There are, he noticed, many more aids to making the lives of the humbler classes pleasant in France than in England. Mr. Hare travelled much out of the beaten track, he made numerous sketches as well as notes of what he saw, and his book may be cordially commended to those who desire to improve their acquaintance with our neighbours across the Channel.

Messrs. Cassell issue in one volume the first series of "The Cabinet Portrait Gallery," reproduced from original photographs by W. and D. Downey. We have certainly here a handsome collection of accurate portraits of living celebrities. Amongst the thirty-six photogravures are those of the Duke and Duchess of Fife, Sarah Bernhardt, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duchess of Leinster, Mr. James Payn, Mr. Frank Lockwood, Colonel Maurice, the Countess of Dudley, and so on. The selection has been plainly based on the principle of wide representation. The letterpress is perhaps scarcely equal to the pictures. The following of Lady Dudley is not brilliant:—"The Countess continues to be what she always has been, a Society beauty, and numinous are the paragraphs that have described, and probably will still describe, her as 'looking charming' at some opera or State function. If, as the noble poet desires, 'Laws and learning, Arts and commerce' are to die in order to 'leave him still his old nobility,' it is assuredly one of the duties of that old nobility to have its ladies beautiful and its lords chivalrous. It cannot be said of the Countess of Dudley that she is other than a conspicuous success in the characteristic attributed to her sex."

A valuable addition to the cartography of the metropolis is published by Messrs. G. W. Bacon and Co. This consists of a "New Atlas of London and Suburbs," on the scale of four inches to a mile, and it is accompanied by a complete directory to ten thousand streets, railway stations, districts, public buildings, and so on, by Mr. G. W. Bacon, F.R.G.S. The Atlas is made up of thirty-two sheets and an index map, and covers a much larger extent of the suburbs than is usual in such maps. On the west it reaches as far as Baysley Park, on the east to Woolwich, on the north to Wood Green and Hart Lane, while to the south it takes in Croydon. It is admirably printed and coloured. The need of such an Atlas has been felt for some time, and now it is supplied by Mr. Bacon. No Londoner who can afford the necessary outlay would care to be without it.

The first Lord Lytton's eloquent words in praise of tobacco might well be quoted at the beginning of "Smokiana," for Mr. R. T. Pritchett with pen and pencil proves himself a worthy member of the great Brotherhood of the Pipe. In some four dozen plates Mr. R. T. Pritchett has drawn with loving care the pipes and para-

phernalia of all nations, from the Broseley Clay of Old England to the Banana-leaf pipe of the dwarfs of the Great Central African Forest.

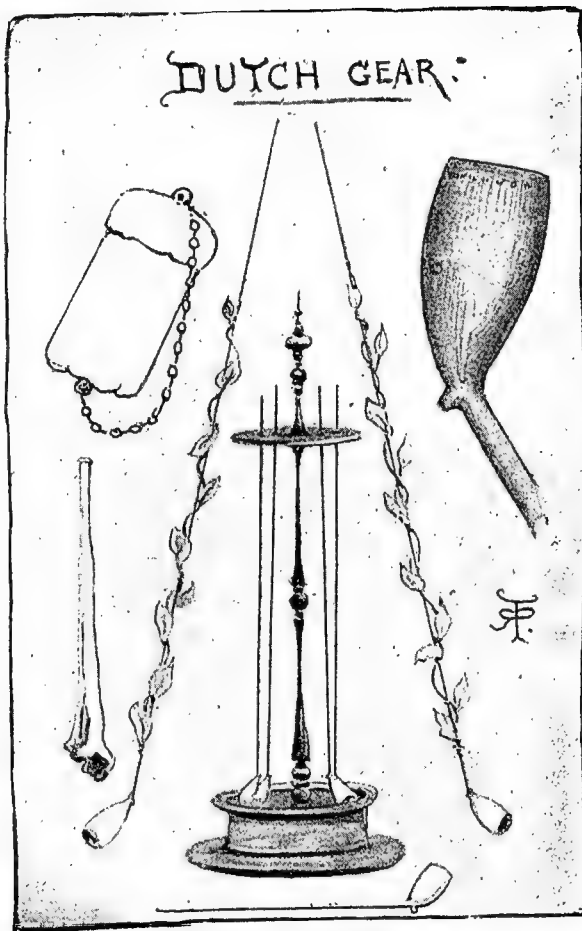
The print of the German "drinking smoke" from a huge pipe is taken from an old book, dated 1616, now in the Library at Frankfurt, and the pipes represented in "Dutch Gear" are the long clays of Gouda manufacture. These pipes always appear at wedding ceremonies. They are three feet long, and for a silver wedding are



ONE OF THE EARLIEST ILLUSTRATIONS OF SMOKING EXTANT
From an old German Woodcut

wreathed with silver leaves, and for a golden wedding with golden leaves. Most of the drawings in the book are from pipes in Mr. R. T. Pritchett's collection, but some of them are from the British Museum, and others from private collections.

For the pipes representing the country passed through by the Stanley Expedition the author is indebted to Surgeon Parke, who made the drawings of the queer bowls used at Kavalli's, in the Mazambori country, and in the Great Forest. The curious Dyak pipe has a history of its own, as Mr. Pritchett met its owner in the



bush carrying the pipe in one hand, and a human head in the other. Happily the Freemasonry of the Pipe preserved the peace; the two sat down to a friendly smoke, and finally Mr. Pritchett departed with the Dyak's pipe as a gift, without having to leave his head in exchange.

Many people in England will be glad to make Mr. Pritchett's acquaintance over a pipe, and the artistic and daintily-bound volume published by Mr. Quaritch should certainly be found on every smoking-room table.

A work worthy of the highest praise is Mr. Bedford Pollard's "Every-Day Miracles" (Fisher Unwin). It is a popular treatment of certain curious and interesting facts in natural history, which point plainly to design in Nature. The various contrivances by

which animals and birds are specially fitted, each for its particular life-task, are agreeably described. Mr. Pollard deals in graceful, entertaining fashion with the rookery, the dragon-fly, the bat in flight, the hedgehog, the ant-eater, the eagle, the kingfisher, the heron, and so forth. "Every-Day Miracles" is primarily intended for the young; but older folks will find it eminently readable and instructive.

A more substantial volume, though treating of a somewhat similar subject, is "The Riverside Naturalist" (Sampson Low), by Edward Hamilton, M.D., F.L.S., F.Z.S., author of "Recollections of Fly-Fishing for Salmon, Trout, and Grayling." As the second title informs us, the work consists of notes on the various forms of life met either in, on, or by the water, or in its immediate vicinity, and is illustrated with numerous woodcuts. The notes, in a more condensed form, have appeared in the *Fishing Gazette* under the title of "What we See when We Go A-Fishing." The following circumstance suggested the plan of the volume:—One fine September morning, intent on grayling fishing, when about to commence operations upon a very famous shallow of a very famous river, a flight of goldfinches, on their autumn migration, flew over the heads of Dr. Hamilton and his party, and settled on a bunch of thistles on the opposite bank. On calling his friends' attention to the birds, he found he was almost entirely ignorant of the various forms of animal life so constantly met with where water abounds. Hence this book, and a capital one it is, to be gratefully read by all lovers of natural history.

A handsome volume is "Picturesque London" (Ward and Downey), the letterpress by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, and the illustrations by Messrs. W. Hatherell, A. W. Henley, W. C. Keene, Hume Nisbet, Herbert Railton, G. Seymour, W. F. Young, and others. No better material could be found for a book of fascinating interest to Englishmen. There is plenty of matter, the main difficulty amid an *embarras de richesses* is in the selection and in the treatment. As Mr. Fitzgerald tells us, the entries under the word "London" fill nearly a volume of the British Museum catalogue. The author and the artists between them have produced a book full of charm and instruction for all who take a more than Platonic concern in the past and present of the capital of the Empire.

A monument of curious and industrious inquiry is "Homes of Family Names in Great Britain," by Henry Brougham Guppy, M.B., Edin. (Harrison and Sons). This book is the outcome of an investigation into the distribution of names. The author has made the farmers the basis of this volume because the English yeomen population has, as a whole, maintained its stability. Each county is considered separately, and in an index at the end is every name with the county in which it occurs, and numbers showing the proportionate frequency of the name per 10,000 of the farmers in any particular county. Thus, for example, we have, "Parnell, Cambridgeshire, 7; Cornwall, 14; Devonshire, 12. Parnall is a rare Cornish form." "Booth, Cheshire, 66; Derbyshire, 44; Lancashire, 12; Nottinghamshire, 16; Staffordshire, 36; Yorkshire (West Riding), 43." Mr. Guppy thinks that his inquiries may be useful in guiding us as to boundaries, should we return to the Heptarchic system. The modern Heptarchy, on the basis of the distribution of names, would consist of the seven sub-kingdoms of Caledonia, Lothian, Northumbria, Mercia, Anglia, Devon, and Wales.

Mr. W. H. F. Phylle's "Seven Thousand Words Often Mispronounced" (Putnam's) has reached a fifth edition. We learn from it that "anomalous" should be pronounced "ā-nom'-ā-lus," "Card" should be pronounced Kārd, not Kyārd. Warwick (Eng.), wor-ik, Warwick (U.S.) Wār-wik. On the whole, we are willing that our Transatlantic cousins should settle their own pronunciation as they like, so long as they leave us similar liberty.

An excellent book for Sunday afternoon reading is E. and W. Hardman's "Ten Tales of the *Te Deum*" (Skeffington and Son). Somewhat flippant is "A Daughter of Eve's" "Diary of Eve in Eden" (Simpkin Marshall). For example—"Then we sat down on a nice little bank all covered with wild thyme in blossom, and Adam told me about everything. He says he considers me very clever, as he didn't know anything when he first came; but that although this is my first day I seem to know so much. But then he says this is not to be wondered at as I am made out of a well-matured man, whereas, he was only made of common clay."



MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.—A group of eight publications of "The Hanover Edition" is well worthy of the attention of cultivated teachers and their pupils. First on the list, in point of usefulness and sterling worth are, "Miniature Classics," which comprise "Mozart's Andante in F," adapted for the piano by Auguste Duprez, who has carefully revised and fingered this work together with "Dussek's Rondo," from Sonata, Op. 37, "Haydn's Rondo" from Sonata in C minor, and Beethoven's Menuetto from Sonata, Op. 29.—Next we have four clever pieces of a light type by G. Bachmann, namely, "Intermezzo, Feuillet d'Album," for the piano; "La Fête au Village," a Caprice Pastoral; "Retraite Militaire," Caprice Marche; and "Chanson Allemande." These are well adapted for after-dinner execution.—Of the same useful school as the above are four pianoforte pieces by Arthur W. Marchant, "La Gaieté," a scherzo brillante; "Danse Irlandaise"; "Danse Nègre," the most original of the group; and "The Gondolier's Song," a flowing and tuneful *morceau*.—M'Evoy's "Rêve Après le Bal Valse" is a showy and brilliant after-dinner piece, not so difficult as it looks.

LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.—"Penelope," a cantata for solo voices and chorus, the poem written by W. Eldred Warde, the music by Burnham W. Horner, is of average merit, and will prove a useful addition to the repertory of a small choir or choral society; it is well scored and not lacking in a certain amount of originality.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Pathetic words, wedded to charming music, are to be found in "Maggie's Sleeping," written and composed by W. G. Coutts and Hamish M'Cunn (Messrs. Methven, Simpson and Co.).—A sad tale of love and its mournful ending is "His Voice," written and composed by Maria Cliff (Frederick Pitman).—"La Vivandière," a polka, and "L'Enchanteresse," a valse, by Franz Engelberg, are of more than average merit (Messrs. Charles Franklyn and Co.).—A motet for eight voices, orchestra and organ, entitled, "Lord, How Long wilt Thou Look upon This?" (Psalms xxxv. 17; xliii. 3), by William Spark, Mus. Doc., may be heartily commended to the notice of organists with choral singers well up to their work, as a grand effect may be produced with this musicianly composition if well rendered (The London Music Publishing Company).

THE BED OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL is gradually filling up, so says the *Daily Graphic*. A recent survey shows that instead of a bottom evenly sloping up from west to east, tongues of shoal water, more or less parallel to one another, are forming between the shores of England and France. On the Eastern littoral, the shoaling is even more marked, many patches and banks off the Kent and Essex coasts adding to their size at the rate of a foot a-year.



"GLADYS"
FROM THE PICTURE BY A. SEIFERT



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

"She was quieter, lying with eyes closed, murmuring the words which Uncle Sol played in the room below"

"URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

By S. BARING GOULD, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," "COURT ROYAL," &C.

CHAPTER XLVI. AN EVENING SO CLEAR

LUKE paced his room at the parsonage, Peter Tavy, the greater part of the night. He had much, very much to trouble him. Urith was seriously ill. Mistress Penwarne was with her, otherwise she would have been left to servants who, with the best intentions, might not have known what to do. Her fainting fits had continued one after another, and then had been succeeded by an event which left her in fever and delirium.

Luke's hands clenched with wrath as he thought of Anthony—Anthony, to whom had been entrusted the care of this precious jewel, who had undervalued her, wearied of her, neglected her, and broken her heart, perhaps destroyed her young life. He was gone, before, indeed, that he suspected how ill Urith was, and unaware of the danger she was in. Luke could not communicate with him, and if he did send a message after him, this might reach him when too late, or when unable to return. Urith's life hung on a thread; and, as Luke paced his room, he could not resolve whether it were better to pray that it should be spared or taken.

If her life were spared, it would be to what? To a renewal of misunderstandings, to the greatest of unhappiness, probably to deep-seated, embittered estrangement. Anthony and Urith were unsuited to each other—she sullen, moody, and breaking forth into bursts of passion; he impulsive, reckless, and without consideration for others. Was it conceivable that they could become so tempered and altered as to agree? He did not think this possible, and he folded his hands to pray for her release; but again he shrank from framing such a prayer lest, by making it, he should bring upon himself a sense of guilt, should his petition be answered.

What was to become of Urith if she lived? Best of all that Anthony should fall on the battlefield fighting for liberty and his religion. That would ennoble a life that lacked dignity, that had been involved in one disaster after another, that had alienated the hearts most attached—his father's, his own, Luke's, and, lastly, his wife's. But what if it were so? What if Urith were left a widow?

Luke's heart gave a leap, and then stood still and grew faint. She would then be free. Dare he—he, Luke—think of her, love her, once more? He had the strength of moral power to think out the situation, and he saw now that it must ever remain impossible that they should unite. He had his sacred calling, that brought on him obligations he dare not cast aside; and Urith's husband must be one to live at Willsworthy, and recover her property from the ruin into which it had fallen by devoting thereto all the energies of his mind

and body. Moreover, the radical difference in their characters, in the entire direction of their minds, must separate them, and make them strangers in all that is best and stoutest in the inner nature. No, not even were she left a widow, could Luke draw nearer to her.

With his delicate conscientiousness, he took himself to task for having for a moment anticipated such a contingency springing out of the possible death of Anthony. Then Luke turned his thoughts to Bessie, and saw almost as dark a cloud over Hall as that which hung upon Willsworthy. If Anthony and Urith were unsuited for each other, far greater was the difference which existed between Fox and Bessie. Luke knew Fox—knew his unscrupulousness, his greed, his meanness, his moral worthlessness; and he valued no woman he knew higher than he did Bessie, for her integrity, her guilelessness, and self-devotion. By no right could Fox claim the hand of Bessie, for by no possibility could he make her happy. To unite her to him was to ensure the desolation of her whole life, the blighting of all that was beautiful in her. It was to consign her to inevitable heartbreak. She would take an oath to do what was impracticable; she could neither honour nor love such a man as Fox; she would strive to do both, but must fail. Luke vowed that nothing would induce him to pronounce the marriage benediction over their heads.

Luke was still up and awake, but kneeling at his table, and with his head in his hands, when a rattle of gravel at his window-panes brought him to his feet with a start, and he went to see who was in want of him. He opened the casement and looked out, to see Mr. Solomon Gibbs below. Luke descended and unfastened the door.

"Is Urith worse?" was his breathless question. "Whew! I can say nothing," answered Mr. Gibbs. "I am cold. Always chilliest before dawn, it is said, and daybreak cannot be a bowshot off. What dost think? Highway robbery on Black Down—this night Justice Crymes plundered whilst on his way to Exeter in his glass coach. The rascals prised open the boot behind, and in though there were six men with the carriage, no one either saw though the robber or heard him at work. It must have been done whilst they were urging the horses up the ascent; but it is passing strange. The highwayman must have been mounted, for he could not have escaped with the plundered goods had he not bestrid a horse. How it was done, when it was done, and by whom, no one can tell anything, and by cock they're all talking, and every one has an opinion."

"Where is Mr. Crymes now?" "Gone on. He was as one distraught—what with losing his money, and the call of the business he was on."

"His money taken!"

"Ay, and more than his own—in all about four hundred pounds, that was to be conveyed to the Duke of Monmouth at Taunton. He told me about it, as I have to go to Mr. Cleverdon about it, and see that the neighbourhood be searched for footpads. It must have been done quickly, for Fox rode behind the carriage, and now and then alongside it, to the rise of Black Down, when he turned and went back to Kilworthy. 'Twas dexterously done, and must have been the deed of a skilled hand. Now what I am come here for is that I do not care myself to go to Squire Cleverdon. There has not been pleasantness between him and my family, so, seeing your light, I came here to ask you to do the matter. Tell him that steps must be taken to have the neighbourhood searched for strangers—strangers they must be. We've none here could do the trick; all honest folk. And I can be of better service going round to the ale-houses. I am well known there, and there I can pick up information that may be of use. Every cobbler to his bench, and that is mine. Will you go to Hall as soon as you can in the morning?"

"I will do so, certainly. Now tell me about Urith." "Urith! I cannot. I have not seen her; not been near Willsworthy since you came away. I have been going about the country, to the taverns looking for Anthony, and not hearing any tidings of him."

"I can tell you where he is." "I know myself now. Squire Crymes informed me that he had ridden across the moor towards Exeter, also bound for Taunton. Let me sit down. Nothing can be done yet; every one sleeps. The Hare and Hounds at Cudliptown will be closed. Do you hap to have any cyder that can be got at? I am dry as old hay."

Mr. Gibbs took a seat. "Lord, I have had a day," said he, "enough to parch up all the juices of the body. There was that affair with Tony to begin with, and I should not be surprised if the cut of the singlestick he gave her—"

"What!" exclaimed Luke, with a cry. "He strike her!" "Well—not that, exactly. He and I were playing at singlesticks, when he gave me a cut out of all rules, and might have laid my skull bare had not Urith caught it on her hand. I doubt not it stung. It must have stung, and that may have begun the trouble. No—he never ill-treated her to that extent, intentionally, but they have not been happy together, and she has been very miserable of late."

Luke sighed, and said nothing. He had covered his face with his hand.

"Poor wench!" continued Uncle Sol, "she has no pleasure in

anything now—that is to say, she has not for some while, not even in my stories and songs. Everything has gone contrary. Anthony has found fault with all I do—has complained of the state of the farm and the buildings, as if I could better matters without money. He has been discontented with everything, and Urith has seen it and fretted over it, and now things are at their worst; he is away; she dying, if not dead; and, Heaven help us—here, have you any cyder! I am dried up with troubles."

"Come!" said Luke, "I can bear to be here no longer; I will go with you to Willsworthy; I must know how Urith is. I cannot endure this uncertainty longer."

Luke walked to Willsworthy with Mr. Gibbs, who was somewhat reluctant to pass Cuddiptown without knocking up the taverner of the Hare and Hounds to tell him what had happened that night on Black Down, and to obtain from him a little refreshment before he traversed the last stage of his walk.

The grey of dawn appeared over the eastern ridge of moors by the time Willsworthy was reached, and the birds were beginning to pipe and cry.

No one had gone to bed that night in the house, a rushlight was burning in the hall, unregarded, a long column of red-hot snuff. The front door was open. Mr. Gibbs strode into the kitchen, and found a servant-maid there dozing on the settle. He sent her upstairs to call Mrs. Penwarne down, and the old lady descended. When she saw Luke, she was glad, and begged him to come upstairs with her and see Urith. It was possible that his presence might calm her. She was excited, wandering in mind, and troubled with fancies.

Luke mounted to the room where Urith was.

By the single candle contending with the grey advancing light of dawn he saw her, and was alarmed at her condition. Her face was pale as death, save for two flames in her cheeks, and her eyes, unusually large, had a feverish fire in them. She was sitting up. Mrs. Penwarne had striven all night to induce her to lie down, but Urith incessantly struggled to rise, and she had taken advantage of her nurse's absence to do so.

Luke went to her side and spoke. She looked up at him with hot eyes, and without token of recognition.

"I have killed him," she said. "I did it so!"—she raised her hand, clenched it, and struck downwards, imitating the action of Fox. "He fell on the hearthstone, as mother said he would, and then I tried to strike him again, and again, but was torn away." She began to grapple in the air with uplifted hands—"Where is the knife? Where are the gloves? That for Urith!"

Luke took her burning right hand, and said, "Lie down, lie down and sleep. You must be very quiet, you must not distress yourself. Anthony is well."

"Anthony is dead. I killed him. And my baby is dead. They killed it, because I had killed Anthony."

"Anthony is alive, he is but little hurt."

"Where is he? You have carried him away and buried him. I know he is dead. Why does he not come if he is not dead? I am sure he is dead. Look!"—she again struggled with her hand to be free, and show how the blow was struck—"Look! You shall see how I did it."

"No—Urith, lie down! Hush! I will pray with you."

Luke knelt at her side, but she turned her head impatiently away. "I will not be prayed for. I cannot pray. I killed him. I am glad I killed him, he was untrue to me. He had always loved Julian, and he grew tired of me. I killed him. I would not give him up. Julian should not have him back."

"Listen—I will pray."

"It is of no use. I do not regret that I struck him—I struck him to the heart. Answer me. Is there forgiveness if there be no repentance?"

She looked eagerly, almost fiercely, at Luke, who did not know what to answer. She was, it seemed to him, partly conscious, but partly only, of what had taken place—to be in a state of half-dream. She knew him, she could reason, but she believed herself to have done that which was done actually by Fox Crymes.

"There!" she exclaimed, and threw back her head on the pillow. "It cannot be. I am glad I killed him. I could not do other. He brought it on himself. He was untrue to me. He loved Julian all his life, all but for a little while, when he fancied me. But you—you gave him to me at the altar. He could not remain mine. He was drawn away. But I would not let Julian have him. She defied me—it was a fair strife. She won up to a certain point, then I won the last point. Look! I will show you how I did it."

Once more she strove to sit up in the bed, and she raised her hand, and clenched it.

"Do not be afraid. I have no knife now. They have taken it away, to wash off the blood. I have heard them cleaning it. But my hand has the stain. That they cannot clean away. I had his blood on me once before—at the Drift. But then I did not know what that meant. See—this is how I did it. Here is a feather, a feather from my pillow. That will do. I will let you see how I killed him. I will strike him with the feather. Then take that and clean it too."

Luke held her wrist, and gently forced her back on her pillow. "Urith!" he said, "leave him to God. Commit the matter to God. Do not take the revenging of your wrongs, real or fancied, into your own hands."

She allowed him to compose her for the moment, and closed her eyes. But presently she opened them again, and they were as full of fire as before.

"All is to pieces," she said, "all is broken, and Anthony broke it. Look here!" she plucked at her neck, and drew forth the halved token that was suspended there. "Look, he gave me this—but it was false. He has only given me one half, he has given the other to Julian. If she comes here, I will put my hand in between the ribbon and her throat and throttle her. Then there will be three dead—Anthony and my baby and she; and I will die next. I hope I shall. I long to die."

"You must not desire death, it is sinful."

"But I do; I have nothing to live for. I have killed Anthony, and my baby is dead; they say it was born dead. Then I will kill Julian. Look! you shall see how I killed Anthony."

Again she struggled to sit up. Luke rose from his knees, and said, peremptorily, "Lie down!"

She obeyed, and he laid his cool hand on her burning temples. Below could be heard Solomon Gibbs tuning his fiddle, and then playing a few snatches.

Urith began to struggle under Luke's hand. "Do you hear? He is playing Anthony's song. Let him play it out, and sing it also."

Mrs. Penwarne went to the head of the stairs and told Mr. Gibbs the request of Urith; then he put the violin to his chin and played—

An evening so clear
I would that I were
To kiss thy soft cheek
With the faintest of air.
The star that is twinkling
So brightly above,
I would that I were
To en-lighten my love.

He played very softly, and as he played, the words of the song formed and passed faintly over Urith's lips. She may have recalled that evening when Anthony sang it, coming up the hill, and so was carried away from the torturing present back into a pleasant past.

If I were the seas,
That about the world run,
I'd give thee my pearls,
Not retaining of one.
If I were the summer,
With flowers and green,
I'd garnish thy temples,
And would crown thee my queen.

She was quieter, lying with eyes closed, murmuring the words as Uncle Sol played in the room below.

If I were a kiln,
All in fervour and flame,
I'd catch thee, and then be
Consumed in—the—same.

Luke lightly raised his hand, and put his finger to his lip. Urith was asleep.

CHAPTER XLVII. IN THE HALL GARDEN

BESSIE was in the garden, the following afternoon, with scissors and an apron pinned up, trimming her flowers, yet with her mind away from the plants; she was unhappy on her own account, yet strove after resignation, and she felt the consciousness of having done right in sacrificing herself for her father. He must now behave more kindly towards her; be more ready to listen to her intercession for poor Anthony. Poor Anthony! she had heard that morning that he was gone, gone to extreme risk, and that Urith was in danger. She had resolved that now she must go to Willsworthy and see her sister-in-law, and be of what use to her she could. Her father could no longer forbid that. Even if he did, in that she would not obey him.

She was stooping over her plants, with tears in her eyes, snipping, picking off dead flowers and leaves, and tying up the carnations, when she heard behind her the voice of Fox.

"What!—Busy?"

She winced, but rose, and with a little hesitation, held out her hand to him.

"Yes," she said, "I must do something with my hands to keep my thoughts from resting on troubles."

"Troubles! what troubles?"

Bessie gave him a look of reproach. "I must feel anxious about my brother, and also for Urith. How is it that you did not go as well as your father and my Anthony, to draw a sword for the good cause?"

"You ask that? Why, you are my attraction. I cannot leave you to venture your precious life in crack-brain undertakings. Before either of them returns, I suppose we shall be married."

"I am ready to fulfil my promise at any time," said Bessie.

"The sooner the better. Your father has already sent a messenger for a licence. I shall not rest till you are mine."

Bessie knew that what Fox desired was to have his foot in Hall, and be established there in the position of heir, and that his pretence of caring for her was hollow. A colour came into her cheeks like the carnations she was tying up. "Enough of that," she said; "you know the conditions on which I take you?"

"Conditions! On my soul, I know of none."

"I told you that I did not love you, that I never had felt any love for you."

"You had the frankness to inform me of that, and to say that you had thrown your heart away on some one else, who declined the gift altogether."

Bessie bowed her head over her flowers.

"Yes, you told me that as we walked in the mud on the road; and then you refused me, but changed your mind before many hours had passed. I have no doubt that, when I am your husband, you will learn to love and admire me. However, this is no condition."

"No condition?" asked Bessie, rising, and looking him in the face. "Surely it is. I will take you, as you insist on it, and as my father desires it; but it must be on the understanding that you do not ask of me at once what is not in my power to give. I will try to love you, I promise you. I will strive with my whole heart to give you all I undertake; but I cannot do that at once."

"Oh! you call that a condition. It is well. I accept it."

There was a veiled sneer in his tone.

"Then, again," continued Bessie, "I made my father promise, if I gave my consent, that he would try to forgive Anthony."

"What!—forgive and reinstate him?" asked Fox, sharply.

"There was nothing said about reinstating him. I suppose that my father and you have talked about Hall, and everything that concerns the property, and that you understand the circumstances fully."

"To be sure, I do," said Fox.

"Then, of course, I said nothing to him about reinstating Anthony, except in his old place in my father's heart. I believe that he will, himself, be glad to forgive the past. He cannot have cast out all the old love for, and pride in, Anthony."

"And he has promised that?"

"He has promised to try and forgive him. And now, Fox—I mean Tony Crymes—you are ready to take me, knowing that I do not love you, and can only try to render you that love which will be due from a wife to a husband?"

"Oh, yes! I take you as you are."

Of course he would. It was indifferent to him whether Elizabeth loved him or not, so long as his ambition and greed were satisfied.

"You see, Bess, I have a sharp tongue, and have made many enemies with it, who say in return sharp things of me, but with this difference—I say these things to their faces, they malign me behind my back. When we are married you will know me better, and not believe all you hear said of me."

Bessie slightly shook her head, and stooped again over her carnations.

"There is one thing further," she said; "you must help me to persuade my father to be completely reconciled to Anthony."

"To be sure I will," answered Fox. "You want to see how good a fellow I am, in spite of all that is said of me. Here, take my hand, in token that I will do all you ask of me."

He gave her a cold, moist hand.

"And you promise me," she said, taking it, "on your honour that you will stand by me and back me up when I try to bring Anthony and my father together once more on the old terms?"

His mistrust was roused, and he did not answer at once. Her frank grey eyes rested full on his face, and his eyes fell before her steady glance.

"I will do what you will," he said; "but I do not suppose that your father will prove as wax in our hands, to mould as we like. Anthony has too deeply offended him, and Urith he will never see."

They dropped hands, for at that moment Julian entered the garden.

"I will go, see your father at once, and make trial in this matter," said he.

"You will find him in his room; he is looking at some papers."

Fox walked away, giving Julian a nod, and a sneer as he passed, and entered the house.

Julian came hastily up to Bess.

"My dear Bessie! Is it true? Are you really going to take my brother? It cannot—it must not be. It is intolerable to be in the house with him when one is master, and he there only on sufferance,

but to have him lord superior, and to be his slave!" Julian shivered.

"It is settled. I have passed my word, and I will not withdraw it."

"Bess! And after the lesson you have had from Anthony!"

"How a lesson, Julian?"

"Why, dear child, a lesson that it does not answer to marry without love."

"Surely, Julian, there was love there, on both sides."

"Oh! love! A passing caprice. Do you not know that Anthony always loved me? Why has he gone off to join the Duke of Monmouth? Do you suppose it is because he cares so greatly for the Protestant cause? Nay, wench, it is that he may escape from me—

and from the sight of Urith. I am dangerous, Urith is odious to him. Better be where balls are flying than where my eyes flash with temptation and Urith's dart with jealousy."

"Julian! how canst thou speak thus?" Bessie stepped back from her visitor, without offering to take her extended hands.

"Nay! do not be so offended. What I speak is the truth, and it all comes of marrying where there is no true affection. I am holding up thy brother as a warning to thee. Dost' think that Fox cares a rush for thee? Not half a rush—all he looks to is Hall; he takes thee because he cannot have Hall without thee; and to have Hall is double pleasure to him, for he will have the place as his own, spiced with the satisfaction of having robbed his friend of it."

"I cannot help myself. I have passed my word, and stand to it."

"Look how things are now at Willsworthy. There is Urith dying, maybe; and Anthony far away. I hope she may die. It is best so, for she will have no happiness any more with Anthony. He is weary of her, he has found out that he cannot find his rest in her, his heart is with me. It has come back to me. It flew away a little while, and now it has returned. Anthony is mine. He does not belong any more to Urith."

"Shame on you!" said Bessie. "But I am glad you have spoken on this matter. You have acted sinfully, you have striven to turn Anthony from his duty."

"I have done so. Urith and I have wrestled a hitch together, and I have given her the turn, a fair back—three points. That is what she knows, and she is eating her heart out at the thought."

"Do you know what has happened? Urith has become a mother of a dead child."

"Is it so?" Julian was startled and changed colour. She had not heard this, she only knew that Urith was ill.

"She is in high fever and derangement of mind. If you have driven Anthony away, driven him to his death in the battlefield, and Urith also dies, then there will be the lives of all three you will be answerable for. It may be that Anthony was too hasty in marrying Urith, but once married, you should have left him alone. I do not believe, Julian, that he ever loved you. No, you may look at me in anger and doubt, but I am sure of it; I am his sister, I have seen and heard him, and if you fancy that he ever loved you, you are utterly in error. He never did. He never loved any girl till he saw Urith. She was his first love, not you. No, you never stirred his heart. He liked you. It flattered his vanity to see that you admired, almost worshipped him, but love you he did not. No, Julian, never—never! Urith was his first love, and, please God! will remain his only love."

Julian Crymes turned deadly white, and clenched her hands against her bosom.

"I saw what you were doing at that dance at the Cakes. Then you strove to draw him from his wife—then you threw the seeds of mistrust into her heart! You played a cruel and wicked game. But do not think, even although you may for a while have lured Anthony away from his wife, that you will separate them for ever. No! She was his first love, and to her he will return with redoubled love when this misunderstanding, this estrangement, is at an end—that is to say, if they live."

Bessie did not speak reproachfully, but sadly.

"Julian, you have been thoughtless, not malicious. I can tell you what the end will be, if Anthony do come back and find Urith dead. He will not go to you, and throw himself at your feet. No; he will hate you with a hatred that will be lasting as his life. He will look on you as—if not his wife's murderer—at all events, as one who engalled the last hours of her life—who drew briars and thorns between them, tearing their hearts when they last met. What passed between them I cannot say; but something must have—something terrible—to account for her present condition, and for his absence. You are answerable for that. Your thoughtlessness, and Anthony's love of flattery, have contrived to ruin a home. Anthony and Urith might have been happy parents of a sweet, innocent little one, who would have bowed the heart of his grandfather, and wiped off it all the rust that has gathered there. That little life, with all it might have been to itself, or to others, is destroyed—by you! You and Anthony broke the heart of Urith, and brought about what has taken place. You cannot give back the little life—you cannot mend the wreckage of happiness you have brought about. Pray to God to have pity on you, and forgive you your sins!"

"I have no cause to repent," answered Julian, but she did not speak with her old confidence, and she spoke with veiled eyes, resting on the gravel of the walk. "I am sorry Urith is ill. I am sorry that she and Anthony are disappointed in their hopes. I have always loved Anthony. There is no sin in that. If Urith succeeded in drawing him away from me to whom he was all but assured, must I not feel it? May I not resent it? She stole him from me, and the blessing at the altar does not hallow her theft."

"What are you saying!" exclaimed Bessie, fixing her eyes on Julian. "Is it not a sin to love a man who has sworn before heaven that he will be true to one, and one only, and that not yourself? Is it not a sin to endeavour to make him false to his oaths?"

"I cannot force him to be true to Urith, and to love her. You are going to marry Fox. You will swear to love and honour him, and you know you can do neither. You will swear and be false to your oath, for it is an impossibility to keep it. Anthony swore, but he could not keep his oath, he found out that he had made a mistake—"

"You tried to persuade him that he had. Be sure he will return to Urith with tenfold deeper, sincerer love, and will bitterly rue that he let himself be deluded by you."

Julian stood brooding, with her eyes on the ground. She recalled how Anthony had brushed out her initials linked with his, and had interwoven in their place his own with those of Urith.

"There—" said she, hastily, "I came here for something else, than to be judged and condemned by you."

"I neither judge nor condemn you," answered Bessie, "but I tell you the truth. Anthony can never be yours, not even if Urith dies. He never did love you."

Julian stamped. "You do not know—he did, and I loved him."

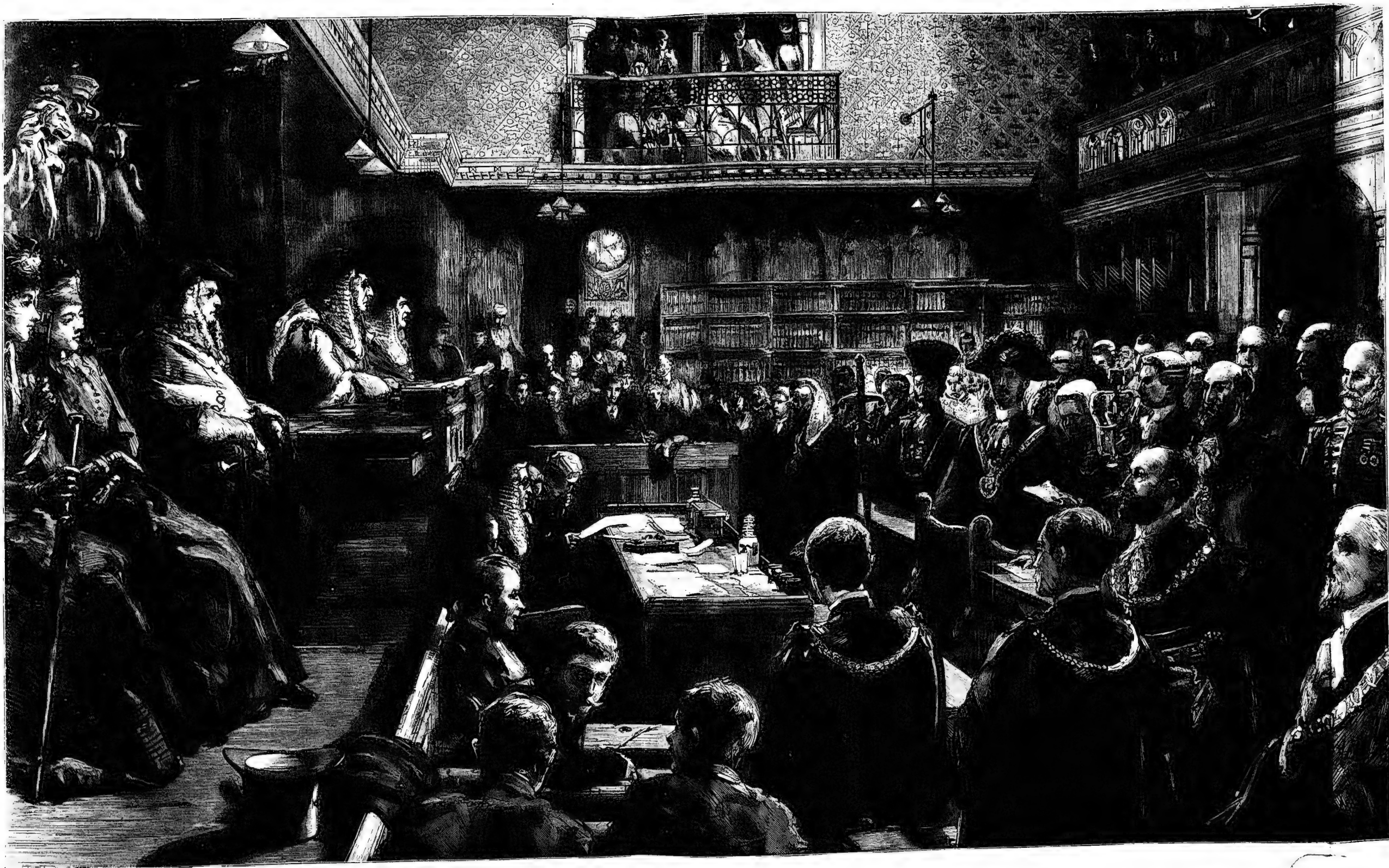
"What token did he give that he cared for you?—answer me now."

"I loved him, I love him still. In love all is fair. If I thought he did not love me—"

"Well," said Bessie, "what?" She looked steadily into Julian's eyes.

"I would dash my head against the stones; and kill thought for ever."

(To be continued)



THE LORD MAYOR TAKING THE OATH IN THE COURT OF THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE
DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL



FRANCE is exulting in her act of neighbourly good will towards England, produced by the London financial difficulties. The loan of three millions sterling in gold granted by the Bank of France to the Bank of England is extolled to the skies as a marvellous example of self-denial—owing to the low interest of 3 per cent.—and a brilliant proof of the wealth of France. The journals teem with accounts of the "English Krach," and compare the generous French assistance now given with England's selfish attitude in the copper disaster, many of the most sensible organs indulging in a severe attack of Anglophobia. Naturally the subject came up in the Chamber, where M. Laur, the irrepressible Boulangist, who seizes every pretext for agitation, tried to force an interpellation by asking the Finance Minister what measures he would take "to prevent the drain of gold from France for the benefit of foreign markets in distress." The Cabinet managed to postpone the interpellation for a month, after M. Laur had insulted M. Rouvier grossly amid much uproar. But the Ministry are anxious to put aside every subject for the Budget, which is getting on somewhat slowly. The Navy Estimates raised an animated debate, where the Minister of Marine pointed out that France possessed fewer battleships than either England or the Triple Alliance, although she was spending more money. A Parliamentary Commission of thirty-three members has now been formed to consider naval reform. To relieve these graver subjects, the French have been laughing at MM. Déroutel and Laguerre, who were hunted throughout Belgium before they could fight a bloodless duel, and were then popped into prison for a short time. Belgium is determined to put down duelling, and will prosecute MM. Rochefort and Canivet for their late encounter so, on returning home, M. Laguerre chose French soil for his duel with his fellow-Boulangist, M. Lesenne, who only received a slight scratch. A like mild result followed the combat between M. Maurice Ephrussi, the well-known sportsman, and M. Irelle, over a journalistic squabble. General Boulanger's former stronghold, the Clignancourt district of Montmartre, was contested on Sunday by twenty-seven candidates, but not one obtained sufficient votes to avoid a second ballot. The sensational trial of Eyraud and Gabrielle Bompard for the Gouffé murder has been postponed till next month to obtain a more impartial jury, as some of the jurors appointed, acknowledged that their opinions were already fixed.

GERMANY has put aside politics this week for two absorbing domestic subjects—Dr. Koch's famous discovery and the marriage of Princess Victoria with Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe. Although the wedding was very quiet and only the family and immediate connections were invited, Berlin was crowded with visitors, the people taking much interest in the love-match of their popular Princess. England was represented by the Dukes of Connaught and Clarence on behalf of the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales respectively, the Duchesses of Edinburgh and Connaught and Prince and Princess Christian. The festivities began on Monday with a State dinner, given by the Emperor and Empress in the picture-gallery of the Royal Castle, after which the bridal party adjourned to the Opera for a performance of *Oberon*. The Empress Frederick gave a banquet on Tuesday at her Palace, and the marriage was celebrated on the following afternoon. First the marriage contract was signed, and the civil ceremony performed in the Empress Frederick's Palace, followed by the religious Service in the Chapel of the Royal Castle. The bride's wedding dress was of white satin, draped with the Honiton lace which her mother had worn at her own wedding, and a train and bodice of glittering cloth of silver embroidered with a garland of wild roses in silver thread, and adorned with bouquets and wreaths of myrtle—the German bridal flower. Four young ladies of the highest Prussian aristocracy carried the bride's train. The wedding banquet took place in the Royal Palace, and as the traditional torchlight dance was omitted, the married couple left immediately afterwards for Potsdam, where they entertained their family at lunch next day. After celebrating the Empress Frederick's fiftieth birthday yesterday (Friday), they go to the bridegroom's home, Bückeburg, for fresh festivities before starting on their honeymoon tour to the East. In keeping with these rejoicings, public affairs maintain a most cheerful tone, the Emperor echoing the prevalent prophecies of peace, both when he opened the Prussian Diet last week and on receiving the officials of the Lower House after their re-election. General Caprivi expressed similar views in his inaugural speech to the Diet as Prussian Premier, where he showed much tact in dealing with civil matters. He introduced two measures which the Emperor has much at heart—Bills for Taxation Reform and Primary Education—and urged all loyal parties to waive internal dissensions and combine with the State to oppose the great danger of Social Democracy. These reforms, he added, were not to increase the power of the State over its subjects, but to improve the condition of the poorer classes. The Reichstag meets on December 2nd. After long threatening to resign, the Minister of Agriculture, Dr. Lucius, has left office through differences with the Government respecting the reduction of corn and cattle duties, and especially the new tariff negotiations with Austria—which, by the by, many important Austrian manufacturers condemn as likely to ruin native trade by admitting cheap German imports. These negotiations will be more favoured by the new Minister, Herr von Heyden, who is a moderate Free Trader.

Now that PORTUGAL has had time to consider the conclusion of a *modus vivendi* with England, public opinion in general endorses the Ministerial action. A Royal decree has been published at Lisbon, giving the details of the arrangement, and notifying the free navigation of the Zambezi and Shire. The chief objections come from the militant young Portuguese, such as the students of Coimbra University, who have published a furious manifesto ascribing all the national troubles to England and the House of Braganza, and from African merchants who dread the competition of the British South Africa Company. These merchants declare that the Portuguese had long used the short cut from Mashonaland to the mouth of the Pungwe river and that British settlers are overrunning the Manica country and influencing its chief against his former Portuguese allies. The Portuguese Mozambique Company are planning a railway over this route. Another Anglo-Portuguese difficulty remains unsettled—the Delagoa Bay arbitration—the Portuguese Ambassador in London having been summoned to Berne to consult with the Swiss arbitrators. To turn to ZANZIBAR, the Sultan has been invested with the Grand Cross of the Star of India as a mark of the Queen's friendship, the ceremony taking place with much formality before a large native assemblage. As to the CONGO STATE, every effort is being made at the Brussels Conference to induce HOLLAND to agree to the proposed import duties, for, unless the Customs receipts increase, Belgium will be unable to retain control of the State. It is suspected that France supports the Dutch opposition in view of such a case, when she might exercise her right of pre-emption—an unwelcome prospect to other European Powers. Accordingly, Holland is advised to take the opportunity to give way when a change of administration takes place by Queen Emma assuming the Regency. The States-General

appointed the Queen Regent unanimously without any debate, and Her Majesty was to take the oaths of Office on Thursday before Parliament and the State officials and Diplomatic Body. The King grows weaker, and the Queen rarely leaves his room.

The normal undercurrent of discontent in RUSSIA is appearing somewhat prominently just now, owing to various unpopular Government measures. The Jewish persecution finds many opponents, and a monster protest against such bigotry is being signed by many eminent men, including Count Tolstoi. Another branch of Russian subjects complain of the unjust treatment accorded to Finland, which is losing gradually all its ancient privileges as a Grand Duchy. Peasants resist the new system of village government, and the Nihilists are roused by the secret trial of five of their number on suspicion of manufacturing explosives—a sequel to the Paris trial. Three of the accused are condemned to death, including a woman, Sophie Günzburg. Petitions for redress, accordingly, find their way mysteriously into the Czar's apartments, much disturbing Alexander III., who was already greatly depressed by General Gourko's disastrous mistake in executing three young volunteers at Warsaw for a murder of which they were afterwards found innocent. Both the War Minister and General Gourko are severely blamed for the fatal error. St. Petersburg suffers from an alarming epidemic of small-pox.

As in Europe, financial troubles agitate the UNITED STATES, News from London affected the New York Stock Exchange severely, causing a fresh panic and several important failures. One of the latter, however, was due mostly to the fraud of a junior partner, who had been falsifying stock for years past, and the present crisis only hastened the discovery. Happily, the situation is becoming less strained, and as the strong banks have united to help their weaker brethren, financial experts believe that the worst is past. They exult that the American money-market is especially firm just now, and more ready than usual to sustain reverses. Another anxiety is the agitation among the Sioux Indians in North Dakota, whose prophets declare that the Messiah has appeared to lead them to exterminate the whites. This "Messiah" is a Pah Ute Indian named John Johnson, who is very intelligent, although uneducated. Accordingly the Indians threaten to attack the town of Mandan and Fort Abraham Lincoln, which is feebly garrisoned, and the settlers in the plains between the Missouri and the mountains are in great alarm. Troops are being sent up to the affected district, as competent military authorities fear that this rising portends a serious war. The Democrats are maturing their Presidential campaign, Mr. Cleveland stating that, if needed, he is willing to stand for the Presidency, while the Irish party continue to greet Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon with much enthusiasm during their tour. No fewer than four fatal railway accidents are included among the week's disasters. The first home-built war-ship of the new navy, the *Maine*, has just been launched at Brooklyn. She is considered superior to any of the British ironclads.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In readiness for the elections in ITALY tomorrow (Sunday), Signor Crispi has delivered several important speeches in the provinces. Speaking at Turin, he made an eloquent defence of the Government policy, which, he declared, had carried out his former pledges. He added that Italy was not a colonial land-grabber, but had only claimed such African territory as was absolutely necessary to protect her interests.—Foreign criticism seems at last to have done some good in the Armenian troubles, for TURKEY has commanded the provincial authorities not to molest or annoy the oppressed people by close supervision or domiciliary visits.—The native contingents for Imperial defence in INDIA are being inspected in turn during the Viceroy's tour. Lord Lansdowne was especially pleased with the Jeypore Transport Corps, and laid the foundation stone of a regimental training hospital for the detachment. Whilst the majority of enlightened natives approve the reform of the marriage laws, some leading Pundits intend to petition the Government against any interference with established custom.—CENTRAL AMERICA grows more tranquil. GUATEMALA and SAN SALVADOR have concluded peace definitively, while the revolution in HONDURAS has been crushed, and the leader, General Sanchez, shot without trial. The Republic in BRAZIL has just kept its first birthday, when the President formally transferred the powers of the Provisional Government to Congress.—In SOUTH AFRICA Mr. Rhodes has received a hearty welcome at Pretoria during his Transvaal tour.—The QUEENSLAND Premier has given Parliament notice of his proposals for the division of the colony into three provinces, each possessing its own Upper and Lower House, and a Lieutenant-Governor, under the control of the supreme Governor.



THE QUEEN has returned south for the winter. Before quitting Balmoral, Her Majesty and the Princesses took farewell drives to their favourite spots in the neighbourhood, and spent a day at the Glassalt Shiel. On Saturday Baron von Pawel Rammingen, Princess Frederica's husband, joined the Royal party, and next morning the Queen and Princesses attended Divine Service at Balmoral, where the Rev. R. Stewart officiated. Princess Louise and Baron von Pawel Rammingen left the Castle on Monday. Her Majesty, with Princesses Beatrice and Frederica, left Balmoral on Wednesday afternoon, and was expected at Windsor to breakfast on Thursday morning. Prince Henry of Battenberg would then rejoin his wife after his shooting visit to Sir Henry Ewart, while the Duchess of Albany and her children were to arrive yesterday (Friday) to stay with the Queen. To-day (Saturday) Her Majesty holds a Council to sanction the Royal Speech for the re-opening of Parliament. The Queen is expected to re-visit Florence next spring.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters and guests, were present on Saturday at the meet of the West Norfolk Hunt, at Congham House, Colonel Corkran's residence, and, though no fox could be found, the Royal party enjoyed a long ride. Most of the visitors who had spent the week at Sandringham left on Saturday, being replaced by Lord and Lady Salisbury, Lord and Lady Halsbury, Count Herbert Bismarck, and Canon Fleming. Next morning the Prince and Princesses attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, where Canon Fleming preached. The guests left on Monday, when the Prince of Wales went to Castle Rising on a shooting visit to the Duke of Fife. The Prince and Princess come to town to-day (Saturday), and during their few days' stay will visit the Queen. On December 15th the Prince will instal the Duke of Clarence and Avondale as Provincial Grand Master of the Berkshire Freemasons at Reading. The Duke left England on Saturday to represent his parents at the marriage of his cousin, Princess Victoria of Prussia. Two honorary German Aides-de-Camp met the Duke at Hanover, while Prince Frederick Leopold, the Duke of Connaught, the members of the British Embassy, and a guard of honour greeted him at the Berlin station. He stays at the British Embassy, and returns home to-day (Saturday), followed by Prince and Princess Christian and their daughters. The Duke of Edinburgh takes an active part at Devonport in inquiring into the loss of the *Serpent*. He convened a meeting at

Government House on Tuesday to establish a National Memorial Fund, and will probably preside at the Court-Martial. The Duke also attended the Memorial Service at the Devonport Dockyard Church on Sunday.—The Duchess of Albany on Tuesday visited Bermondsey to open a Sunday Scholars' Industrial Exhibition.—The Duke of Connaught sprained his ankle a few days ago, but he was sufficiently recovered to attend a ball given by the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen on Saturday, as well as the Royal Wedding festivities this week at Berlin.



THE OPERATIC OUTLOOK.—During the past week several changes have taken place in regard to the future direction of operatic affairs in this country. Signor Lago, at the close of his cheap season next week, will quit Covent Garden, and will be succeeded by Mr. Augustus Harris, who has secured the lease until March, 1892. Signor Lago, it is said, is in negotiation for another house, but Her Majesty's, it appears, is at present not available, as a syndicate have deposited 2,000*l.*, which gives them until January 1st the right of purchasing the theatre for conversion into an hotel. Mr. Harris has also resigned the post of managing director of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and will carry on Italian Opera next season at Covent Garden at his own sole risk. The Carl Rosa Company contract not to give performances of Italian Opera in London, and Mr. Harris agrees to give no performances of English opera in the provinces. Furthermore, when the Carl Rosa Company desire to give a London season (except at the Grand and Standard Theatres), they are to appear at no other house but Drury Lane unless that theatre be then not available. Covent Garden Theatre will not be put up-to auction, but it is still for sale by private contract at an upset price of 130,000*l.*, and it is not improbable that a syndicate will be formed to purchase it for Mr. Harris. The Carl Rosa Company have already arranged to give an English Opera season at Drury Lane, commencing on Easter Eve next.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—*Tannhäuser* was revived at Covent Garden on Tuesday, and this, with the exception of *L'Etoile du Nord*, promises to be the last important production of the season, which will close next week. *Tannhäuser*, which was produced at Dresden as far back as 1845, was not heard in England until 1876, when Madame Albani played the part of Elizabeth at Covent Garden. Mr. Carl Rosa produced an English version at Her Majesty's in 1882, but since its last performance in German, with Herr Gudehus, as the hero, in 1884, the work has not been witnessed here. As opera-goers may recollect, it is in Wagner's early style, and was, indeed, written to a certain extent in the manner of the grand operas of the Meyerbeer school. It is the earliest of the operas recognised as truly "Wagnerian" by the advanced party, and, curiously enough, its general plan and scope were arranged during the composer's first visit to England. The scene of the first act on the Venusberg, in which the goddess endeavours in vain to retain the hero, is of course purely mythological. On the other hand, the tournament of song in the Castle of Wartburg was an historical fact, the tournament being held by Landgrave Hermann of Thuringia, A.D. 1207, as is duly narrated in the "Annales Reinbardsbrunnenses," and in the still older, though less complete, "Krieg von Wartburg." Although the opera has not been witnessed on the London stage for six years, most of the principal melodies in *Tannhäuser* are familiar enough, thanks to their performance at the Richter concert; and elsewhere. The March and the Pilgrim's Choruses, Wolfram's Song to the Evening Star (sung by M. Maurel), Elizabeth's greeting to the Hall of Song, and the heroine's prayer (sung by Madame Albani) are now among the best known of Wagner's melodies, while that there is now a public for this strangely-neglected work was conclusively proved by the fact that every reserved seat for Tuesday and Thursday had been sold out before the first performance took place. The general representation on Tuesday showed the need of further rehearsals, the choruses especially suffering in this respect. The laurels of the evening were indeed fairly carried off by Mr. Perotti, who, having been born and trained in Germany, and having for many years sung *Tannhäuser* and other Wagnerian parts in German in New York and elsewhere, is thoroughly at home in them.

Apart from *Tannhäuser*, Signor Lago has made no additions to his repertory, although he has tried several interesting changes of cast. For example, on Wednesday last week, Madame Albani, for the first time in England, sustained the character of Valentina in *Les Huguenots*. Dramatically her embodiment was superb—notably so in the great duet with Marcel, and in the still more impassioned duet with Raoul, which now closes the opera. The music is, however, far too exacting for her vocal resources, and even by the time that the scene in the Pré aux Clercs was reached, it was obvious to all that her voice was tired.

M. Maurel on Thursday made his *rentrée* for the season and his first appearance in London in the character of Rigoletto. Dramatically the part was greatly overdrawn, and the exaggerations of gesture and action contrasted strongly with the admirably-finished impersonation by a long line of Rigolettos from Ronconi down to Santley. The French baritone was, moreover, somewhat out of voice, the upper notes still showing traces of recent indisposition, so that his new doctrine of suiting the *timbre de voix* to the character represented could not be fully exemplified.

On Friday Miss Ella Russell re-appeared as Elsa in *Lohengrin*. Dramatically, her conception of the character was powerful, and although light parts are more suited to her style than emotional characters, yet she gave a very fair rendering of the music. The performance, on the whole, was, however, distinctly below the average, particularly on the part of the chorus, who are showing the effects of the hard work of the season. On Saturday *Faust*, on Monday *Orfeo*, and on Wednesday *Trovatore* were announced for repetition.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Mr. Leonard Borwick has been the pianist at both of the Popular Concerts, on Saturday playing a selection of minor pieces by Brahms, including three of the *Clavierstücke*, and the rhapsody in B minor, while on Monday he performed Beethoven's sonata in E flat, Op. 27, No. 2. In regard to concerted music, on Saturday Schumann's piano trio in D minor was repeated, and the programme opened with Schubert's always popular string quartet in A minor, Op. 29. On Monday Mr. Borwick, Lady Hallé, and Signor Piatti took part in Beethoven's trio in D, Op. 70.—Mr. Hollman, the well-known violoncellist, introduced at the Crystal Palace, on Saturday, his second violoncello concerto in A minor. The work is not in strict form, nor, on the whole, is it altogether particularly interesting, although the part for the solo instrument is brilliant and often very difficult. The first movement, which is joined to the *andante* by a few bars of recitative, is by far the best in the work.—Mr. Paderewski attracted an enormous audience at his first piano-forte recital last week. The principal item of the programme was Beethoven's last sonata, Op. 111, the performance of which gave a very fair idea of the inequalities of the Polish pianist's style, the *arietta*, however, being played with the utmost delicacy and effect.—The performance of *Elijah*, which opened the Albert Hall season last week, was an excellent one on the part of



AGRICULTURISTS have been for the most part absolutely unaware of the great monetary crisis which has been experienced and weathered in the metropolis. The corn and cattle markets have not varied a penny a sack for grain, or a penny a pound for meat. That one half of the world knows little of how the other half lives, is a comment which forces itself upon us in a country where the agricultural and commercial interests fairly divide the wealth of the land. In one respect the reminder is to the benefit of the agriculturist. His dependence upon natural instead of artificial conditions is a great strength. Even in the matter of sympathy this is so; the weather, bad enough to wreck a harvest, is felt throughout the country as an universal disaster. Old men can remember years of exceptional fine weather, or the reverse, that happened in an early childhood, of which they recall, perhaps, hardly anything else. There is, however, another view which is less favourable to the farmer. His power of selling his produce is largely affected by a foreign competition which is governed by money-markets, and other considerations as beyond his influence as they are beyond his ken. Had the recent crisis degenerated into panic, vast supplies of foreign grain would have come suddenly on sale at any price necessary to clear, and English farm produce would have been as suddenly depreciated all along the line. Happily, what was a decided contingency of a fortnight ago is now a chapter of past history merely. Prices have not been affected, and steady quotations are expected between now and Christmas for most descriptions of agricultural produce.

LONG COUNTRY RIDES, or, for that matter, walks, may often be taken without fear of exhaustion if at the right moment, when a "used-up" feeling threatens to develop, a properly-sustaining fluid can be imbibed. The editor of the *Field*, good old Tory that he is, recommends "1858 port of the right kind," though a correspondent is cruel enough to add wormwood to the cup by suggesting that "this vintage varies." Mr. Herbert Chapman, of sleepy Rye, is of opinion that milk punch, "rich, sound, and palatable," may meet the emergency, while "A Veteran" (suggestive title!) has always done well on an equal mixture of orange wine and rum. Has anybody, not a teetotaler or otherwise "prejudiced person," tried the beef-tea wine sold at some of the railway stations? Milk is heavy of digestion, and only of use at the end of a journey. Coca, either as wine or in lozenges, has the vote of more than one professional athlete, and "when Plancus was Consul" much virtue was considered to lie in cherry brandy.

A WHOLESOME PROTEST has recently been raised against the sham gentility which, in a way almost unrecognisable by town folk, is depleting the remotest shires of skilled agricultural labour. Young labourers in days gone by lived on the farms and enjoyed a useful apprenticeship in farm work. In Cheshire, and still more in Wales, the very children are capable of looking after live stock, especially milch kine, to an extent undreamt of in the Home counties. But on the big farms of the Eastern and Midland counties the farmer lives mostly in a private house on the farm rather than in a farm house. The labourers are quite below the class that he cares for his sons and daughters to consort with. His own children are seldom brought up to the farm. These complaints are true enough, but at the root of it all are the bad economics, the perverted national policy which has made farming a precarious method of gaining a livelihood, and turned the thoughts of youth from home. Agriculture has its fixed place in every national economy, neither yielding the large profits of a greater enterprise, nor risking, as speculation ever must, a possible loss. Moderate profit on sound and steady industry is, in fact, the keystone of agriculture, even as agriculture itself is the keystone of national prosperity.

THE DALKEITH AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have just held a root show, the interest of which extends through the kingdom generally. A nitrate competition was a new feature, the object being to test the manuring value of the various nitrates of commerce as contrasted with farmyard dung. The winning crop was one of 29 tons of swedes to the acre, and was grown by an application of 4½ cwt. of nitrate of soda and 10 cwt. of superphosphate at a cost of 65s. per acre; the more expensive application of 13 cwt. of superphosphate to the same quantity of nitrate, costing 72s. and yielding 2 tons less. Where 3½ cwt. of nitrate and 4 cwt. of superphosphate were used the crop was 22 tons, and the cost 42s. per acre; while 1½ cwt. of nitrate and 4 cwt. of superphosphate produced 17 tons at a cost of 24s. per acre. These experimental applications give us a clearer scale to work by than we have yet had. There seems, moreover, to be no reason for doubting the value of the results on southern farms. With respect to farmyard dung, its intrinsic cost is unfortunately very difficult to calculate, and the comparisons made above will be seen to be rather of one nitrate against another than, as the Society's aim was, of different nitrates against the older form of manure.

NITRATE OF SODA.—Over two hundred large ships are now under weigh or ready to ship with nitrate of soda; it is an immense industry. Professor Bernard Dyer, in a recent lecture to the Lincolnshire farmers, told them they might dismiss the common prejudice against this valuable fertiliser as a mere stimulant to plant-growth. It is a grand plant-food; and in its suitable application to various crops is one of the lessons to be learnt by practical agriculturists.

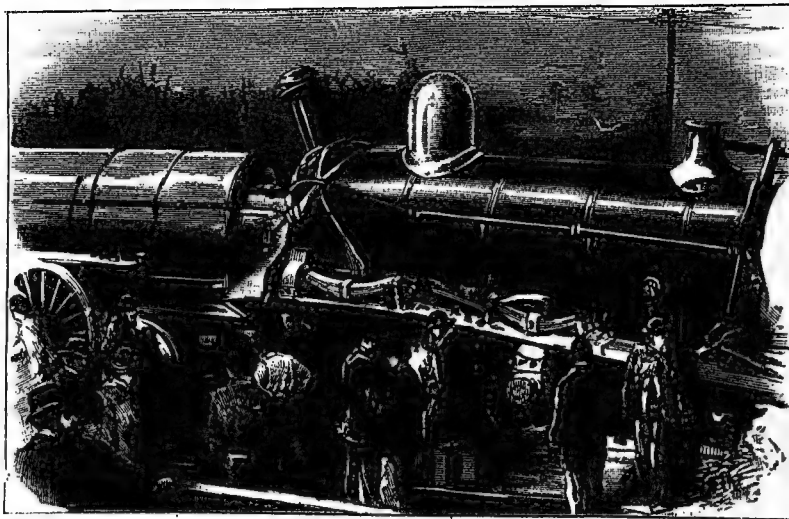
"ALL THINGS ARE BIRDS" to the average chawbacon with a gun, even as they were to the Athenian of the days when Aristophanes flourished. And all birds are things shootable despite the numerous Acts which have been passed to the contrary. Colonel Watson, of Lavington, has had two of his trained peregrines shot this autumn, while Major Fisher, at Chilterne, has lost three birds. The green plover, once common on Salisbury Plain, is being steadily extirpated, while an Irish justice of the peace "collects" peregrine and choughs' eggs, which he sells to a naturalist dealer as "specimens." It is a great pity that an absurd prejudice against rewarding the informer robs us of the very best method of protection against the Vandal and the "bouncer," whether of good social position or of no position at all. Let the punishment be a fine of forty shillings, half to go to the informer, and we should convert every farmer's boy into a detective, besides, possibly, increasing the observation of the local police force. Whilst on the subject of birds, it may be worth mentioning that a great rarity, the *Pomatorhine skua*, was recently captured on Lough Corry, while the velvet scoter has been shot at Linford, Bucks. The field-fare is now regularly with us, the first arrivals having been about October 18th.

RURAL LICENCES do not seem to be inquired after or inspected

except in exactly the method most injurious to the law-abiding citizen. Of the half-dozen fellows in moleskin caps and gaiters who may be seen prowling about with guns on Sunday mornings in the neighbourhood of almost any country village, it will be safe to say that only one at most holds a gun license, and that not one holds a license to shoot game. With respect to dog licenses in the country, fraud is actually encouraged, applications being practically restricted to those who have previously taken out a dog license of their own accord. An amusing example of this occurred this season within our own knowledge. Of three gentlemen living together at a country house, and each keeping a pet dog, one only took out a license for 1889. During the first two months of this year he was on the Continent, but one Friday night, shortly after his return, an inspector called and asked for his license, which had not been renewed. The license was taken out on the Post Office opening the following morning; nevertheless, the Revenue persisted in a prosecution, and secured an exemplary fine. The two other dog owners, having never taken out licenses, have never been molested.

THE RAILWAY DISASTER NEAR TAUNTON

As we have already given an account of this lamentable accident, we will here confine our remarks to such points as will help to elucidate our engraving. The short train which conveyed those of the Cape passengers who wished to get to London at once consisted of only two carriages and a van. Two miles south-west of Taunton, when the train was travelling at the rate of fifty miles an hour, the signal marking (owing to signalman Rice's forgetfulness) "line clear," the special dashed into a down goods train which was standing on the up-line. Thereupon the two engines rose into the air, the first carriage was telescoped with tremendous force, doors and floors, sides and roof being crushed and battered like matchboard, and the hapless passengers crushed and battered also. The second carriage, though severely shaken, was not broken, and four little children in it were unhurt. Then followed a terrible time, frightfully aggravated by fire having seized the broken woodwork of the carriage. Five hours elapsed before the carriages were completely cleared. In the end it was found that ten persons had been killed outright, and as many badly wounded. Next day such a clearance had been made that it was hard to believe the spot had been the scene of such a catastrophe a few hours before. The metals, which were very slightly injured, had been repaired, and the broken and twisted iron and wood wreckage was piled by the side of the track. The engraving of the second carriage of the train (from a photograph by Palfrey, of Wellington), shows the compartment in which the passengers were killed, and the sound compartment where the women and children were found unhurt. The other engravings,



THE TWO ENGINES LOCKED TOGETHER

representing the two engines locked together, and a capsized goods truck, are from photographs by E. Corner, of Wellington.

MR. P. T. BARNUM, the famous showman, is dangerously ill with malignant influenza at his home, Bridgeport, Connecticut, U.S.A.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of the murderer Birchall was put up to auction in the gaol just before his death. A warder acted as auctioneer, and the bidding ran up to 340l., at which price the memoir was carried off by a Toronto journal.

SHARP EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS have occurred in the North of Scotland. Both at Inverness and at Forres in Elgin several shocks were felt on Saturday night, lasting from fifteen to thirty seconds. Chimneys and gables fell, but no one was hurt.

COFFEE IS BEING CULTIVATED successfully in Bavaria. It ripens well and has an excellent flavour, though tasting more bitter than the original tropical product. The plant is sown in the spring on sandy soil, and produces a delicate blue blossom about July, while the berry becomes ripe in August, being then a pale yellow.

A STRANGE HALF-DEAD STOWAWAY was found on board the Guion Liner *Nevada* when she reached New York last week—an unlucky cat which had been shut up in a lady's box, and only appeared at the Customs' House examination. Poor puss had fasted for seventeen days, and was miserably thin, besides being nearly suffocated. However, she soon recovered on being fed up with milk, and has been adopted as the pet of the vessel.

A FINE STATUE OF THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK OF GERMANY will be placed shortly in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, as the gift of the Queen. Mr. Boehm has just finished the figure, which is over life-size, and represents the Emperor standing in an easy natural position, with his hands resting on the hilt of his sheathed sword. He wears his military uniform and the robes of cuirass. Probably the statue will be erected in the north-east aisle of the Chapel, near the memorial to the late King of the Belgians.

MONTE CARLO is certainly profitable property. That renowned gaming resort has just paid 1½ interest on each 20l. share, and will now declare a dividend of 6l. 10s. The chief shareholders are of the late proprietor, M. Blanc. Sometimes, however, the bank has a run of bad luck, and only last week a visitor from Munich the player, and already this year sixty-eight people have committed suicide through their losses, including a young Swiss last week. Such misfortunes are hushed up as much as possible, and it is the business of the Bank Commissary to pay the hotel bill and the fare home of the unlucky gamblers who have lost all at the tables. Two new rooms have been opened at the Casino, gorgeous with gold, sculpture, and paintings.

UNKNOWN TONQUIN

ONE of the districts of the earth little or not at all explored is that part of the Indo-Chinese peninsula which is situated between the upper part of Uekheng and the Coast of Anam. There is still a large field to be opened up to exploration and colonisation. The French, who have occupied the Eastern Coast of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, are not so well qualified to colonise as the English. The English sphere of the Indo-Chinese peninsula is thoroughly explored and open to commerce, but in the French part there is still much to be done.

Germans have some difficulty in entering these parts of the world. They are always thought to be spies, and if they are found drawing some old ruin which once-upon-a-time happened to be a point of defence in some engagement with the wild people, they are immediately arrested; this happened to Professor Häckel in Algiers, and the writer of these lines had the same misfortune.

In addition to these difficulties the climate, the animals and plants are annoying to the traveller in these countries. The climate, because in the dry season there is an insupportable sterility; while forest and prairie fires compel the traveller to take an indirect course. In the wet season, on the contrary, there is such an abundance of water that brooks become rivers, and rivers become streams, large parts of the country being so much flooded that there is no possibility of getting along. Besides, there are in these tropical woods, where the underwood frequently prevents the traveller from going on, gigantic grasses, which are higher even than the rider upon his elephant. The animals, too, are dangerous to the traveller in Indo-China. The elephant is bigger and wilder than in India Proper; he attacks his adversary as soon as he is approaching, while the elephant in Ceylon runs away. The tiger, too, is an awkward customer; he is more formidable than his Indian relative, and devours a good many men and domestic animals. But he is afraid of every white face: he fixes his eyes upon it, lashes his tail, draws back slowly first, and then runs away in a hurry.

Crocodiles are all much bigger than those which I saw in the White and Blue Nile, or in the Ganges. Leeches, ants, and mosquitos constantly molest the traveller. A very peculiar sea-mammal—the Dugong—is to be seen at the upper part of the Meknong. The breast of the female is very similar to the breast of a woman. The dugong is supposed to have suggested the fabulous mermaid—they are caught for the sake of their oil off the northern coasts of Australia.

Of the tribes who live in these large countries I have seen these:—The Moi in the mountains of Anam, in the Bin Innan province; the Stieng in the north of Loohinihina; the Kouys in the west of the upper part of the Uekheng; the Benong in the north of the Stieng; the Nhung in the east of the Benong; and lastly, the Rhodi in the north of the Nhung, latitude 13 deg. south. The race of men is, on the whole, the same as in Cambodia and in Siam. The colour of the skin varies from light to dark brown, the hair is curly, the eyes are horizontal. There are no ornaments worn except in the ears. The nose is rather well shaped, and the nasal ridge is sunken. The lips are of ordinary shape, and are not fat and everted.

Education of any kind, even reading and writing, is perfectly unknown. Arithmetic is a riddle for them, and the people of Cambodia cheat them in a most awful way. They do not know any other amusements than those of the stomach. They live from hand to mouth. They only work when it is absolutely necessary. They like festivals, and are very fond of *um-sihum* (rice liquor), particularly if they happen to get more victuals than usual. Wild potatoes, which grow in large quantities in the woods, divers aromatic herbs, rice, and Indian corn, hunting prey, and the flesh of their domestic animals constitute their own possessions. All other wants they obtain, in exchange for skins, ivory, horns, &c., from the Cambodians, Annamites, and Chinese—more especially tobacco, which all of them, men, women, and children, smoke passionately, betel, cloths—sometimes they make these themselves—ornaments, plates, glasses, pearls, &c. Their dress only covers their hips. The men often wear only a loin-cloth. The women are covered to the knees. The Nhongs and Anongs, the handsomest tribes of all, are very fond of pearls.

Three or eight cottages of the Benong, Whong, and Anong form a village. The roof of these cottages almost touches the ground. The inner part is furnished with bamboo and mats made of seaweed. Under the top of the roof there is a corn-loft. The Benong is always afraid of being attacked by hostile tribes. He likes to build his lodging in the thickest wood; he makes a wall of bamboo round the village; he rams poisoned and pointed poles in the ground, which only those who know them can avoid, and he sleeps as a rule inside the village, in order to be ready to fight.

The cottages of the Moi are different. On a foundation of bamboo-sticks there is a room with sloping walls diverging from the ground to the top. Upon those the roof rests, with the corn-loft. These cottages are large, and give room enough for the whole population of the village to assemble.

Towards the Europeans these tribes are kind, good-natured, and willingly do all services they are asked for, and even give presents. Cholera, and other diseases, will, it is to be feared, destroy the tribes very soon, and in about a hundred years history will know nothing about them. Only legends will tell about their existence.

C. ROSSET

GENERAL BOULANGER intends to winter in Egypt. He will return to Jersey in the spring, in order to start a newspaper in Paris.

"CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE" is the latest Parisian nickname for Madame Sarah Bernhardt, in sly allusion to her well-known thinness.

DUELLING CONTINUES VERY FREQUENT IN ITALY. During the last twelve months 2,759 duels were fought, and fifty of the combatants succumbed. Some of the duellists were wounded several times in the same conflict, for 3,901 wounds were inflicted, and over 1,000 of these were serious.

THE PRINCE OF NAPLES, who has just come of age, is a very high-principled young man, with a rigid regard for truth and duty. He has even refused to write an account of his recent travels because of etiquette and political considerations forbade him to tell the whole truth at every point of his journey. Though reserved and somewhat shy in public, he is frank and merry in private life. Devoted to all studies, he is especially fond of history and geography, and possesses a remarkable knowledge of the most minute details of Italian history.

THE REGIMENTAL BEAR OF THE 17TH LANCERS, which has recently come to England with his regiment, took furlough without permission last week, and started out to inspect Shorncliffe, much to the alarm of the inhabitants. Bruin first supped off two chickens, and then walked over some cottage-roofs, refusing flatly to return home for all the coaxing of his military keepers. The animal next made off across country, and whilst a search-party were looking for him everywhere in despair, he quietly returned to camp of his own accord.

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF PRUSSIA, who was married on Wednesday, received some lovely presents from her British relatives. The Queen sent beautiful lace, several pieces of silk for dresses, Oriental stuffs, three of the inevitable Indian shawls, and a costly brooch and pendant of brilliants set in emeralds, besides a silver casket given in conjunction with the Prince of Wales to both bride and bridegroom. A silver tea-service came from the Prince and Princess of Wales; the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh gave their niece a diamond and sapphire brooch; Prince and Princess Christian presented a watch-bracelet set with diamonds; and Princess Beatrice a silver breakfast set; but the most original gift was the Duke and Duchess of Connaught's Indian pearl necklace. This necklet consists of five strings of pearls with different stones forming a pendant in the centre of each row—diamonds, sapphires, moonstones, emeralds, and rubies. From her own immediate family the Princess received a diadem, brooch, ear-rings, and necklace of diamonds, sapphires, and pearls from her mother; a set of pearls and diamonds from the Emperor and Empress, to be worn either as headdress or necklet; and a gold chain bracelet set with diamonds and rubies from her sisters and Princess Henry. The Russian tea set of pure gold, richly chased, from the Grand Duke and Duchess Serge of Russia, is especially beautiful. The Princess herself gives her bridegroom a silver dressing-case and rococo silver candlesticks. Princess Victoria's trousseau has been on view this week in Berlin, where German housewives have gone into ecstasies over the exquisite linen and household napery. Most of the bride's underwear is in fine silk trimmed with Valenciennes lace, while the house-linen is beautifully embroidered, and the tablecloths woven from the Empress Frederick's design. Her Majesty also designed the monogram "A.V.," entwined with flowers, surmounting a Royal Crown, which appears on all the linen, with the coats of arms of bride and groom.

Britain for the British

BY C. E. HOWARD VINCENT, C.B., M.P.

THE world has often suffered much for an idea. It takes root—the seed becomes a sapling; the sapling becomes a tree, and difficult of assault, either by Nature or by man. It has been so in Church and in State. There is a virtue in what is; there is heresy in change. So it is of political economy.

Political economy has laid down certain laws; they may be true in theory, but many are false in practice, and in default especially of universal subscription thereto.

Fifty years ago, and the professors of political economy were on the warpath. They wrote smooth sayings. It was the era of the birth of steam as applied to movement, and Englishmen, believing in the approach of a millennium of international fraternity, hailed the doctrine of Free Trade.

It signified the free interchange of commerce between all the nations. "Let England lead the way and the world will follow." Such were the arguments of Cobden and of Bright, and they were triumphant.

Response, however, was feeble; but circumstances diverted attention therefrom. First there came the French Revolution of 1848, and then the Crimean War was succeeded by the Indian Mutiny, and then again the war between France and Austria. Upon this there followed the four-year struggle between the States of America, which found an echo in Europe in the campaigns between Prussia and Denmark, between Prussia and Austria-Hungary, and then between France and the Germanic Confederation.

These events prevented any serious competition with Great Britain in manufacture. There was a great demand for skilled workmen, capable of supplying our own armies in the field. Vast quantities of munition of war had to be supplied to the various belligerents. No State had seriously threatened our monopoly of machinery. Railroads were being made in every land, and the plant could only be obtained from British sources. Then again, Italy was divided, Spain was engaged in perpetual revolutions, South America was occupied in increasing hostilities, and Eastern Europe was undeveloped.

In the British colonies, too, there was fighting in New Zealand and South Africa, and Canada was a house divided against itself.

Such was, in brief, the state of affairs during the first twenty-five years of the dominion of political economy in the United Kingdom. It is too often forgotten.

Beyond question, the prosperity was immense. Colossal fortunes were made. Wages increased. The growth of civilisation was rapid. The whole condition of the country was changed. "It is not the same land" declared those whose memories went back to the antecedent quarter-of-a-century. The political economists were jubilant. They had fought a hard fight, and they had won. It was not steam, it was not science, it was not national war with its drain of muscular competition, it was not war abroad which squashed foreign competition! "No, these causes," exclaimed the professors, "had nothing to do with the result. It was due, wholly and solely, to the free admission of foreign imports." The exports mounted up and up, and not only kept pace with the imports, but frequently exceeded them. The axioms of political economy were proved up to the hilt.

But then let us pass to the second portion of the half-century. It began in 1871. Only once in these nineteen years have the dogs of war been slipped in real earnest, and the contestants—Russia and Turkey—were neither of them industrial rivals. It is evident, then, that this period is the only one during which the free-import doctrine of political economy has been really upon its trial. Peace was its very foundation. But nineteen years of the twenty-five have passed, and what do we find? That political economy has been rejected by every nation, and every independent people upon the whole surface of the earth—with the one solitary exception of Great Britain, its original pioneer. At first the rejectors were half-hearted. Treaties of commerce were in vogue. But rapidly the rejectors of free competing imports from foreign countries became more and more determined, as the industrial success of the earlier measures became evident to rulers and to peoples. That the land and the profits of labour belong to the indigenous race, and that they are entitled to enjoy all its fruits without interference by foreigners, was a common-sense doctrine which found favour upon all hands. The capital amassed in this country during the years of foreign war and revolution was thrown into every land, and there employed in the development of alien competition.

In eight years from the commencement of the era of that international peace which was to be obtained by Free Trade the entire world across the seas trampled political economy under foot, and substituted for it "practical economy."

"Protection for National Industry." The domestic policy of Prince Bismarck, of Count Beust, of Sir John M'Donald, of the statesmen of British colonies, of the United States, of France, of Italy, of Spain, of Russia, of Scandinavia, of South America—of every land, and of every tongue, was expressed in these four words. It was enough to secure for them the confidence of the people. In the last eleven years there has been ample trial. Have these Ministers been hurled from power by national bankruptcy and private misfortune? The men may have gone the way of all flesh. But their policy remains, and is triumphant.

There may be despotism in Russia, there may be firm Government in Germany, but even in these two absolute Empires the real voice of the people which finds unfettered expression on other soils, largely steers the ship of State.

"Protection for National Industry" was the watchword of Governments. It is now the creed of peoples who have passed through the fire of daily experience, and found it to be of true metal—alleviating misery, disseminating plenty, promoting happiness and contentment.

"Protection for Home Labour"—"Our Country for Ourselves"—and more and more Protection. Such is not alone the wish, but the firm determination of every people upon earth. It finds ample evidence in the new prohibitory tariff of the United States, in the new tariffs proposed by France, by Russia, by Spain, by Italy; in the fast sinking, feeble Political Economy of New South Wales.

Yes, the true political economy has now been determined by the voice of the Universe to be, not the political economy of Oxford or of Cambridge, or of Harvard, or of Leipsic, of the Sorbonne, of Mill, of Bright, or Cobden, but the practical economy of every nation, making the best use that it can of its own resources, utilising its own products, employing its own labour, instead of that of foreigners, free from all local conditions, whether of military service, or of heavy taxation, or of new lands, or of great distances.

There is one exception to the general rule, and that exception is the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Here was the home of the Free Import School, and its disciples are slow to admit their general defeat, the absolute falsification of all their masters promised. They speak lengthy orations, in which they contradict

themselves in each succeeding paragraph. They read lectures to other nations, who treat them with derisive contempt. They publish pamphlets with falsely marked titles, such as the latest issue of the Cobden Club, "The Triumph of Free Trade." As the Prime Minister says, "Free Trade is not in a much more flourishing condition than fifty years ago." Not a few are deeply immersed in foreign investments, and with their capital laid out securely in other lands, where it receives due protection. They secure not only the free foreign market, but hold also the British market free, although providing for the people of these islands but scanty and ill-paid employment. No wonder that they are devotees of what they strive to persuade the nation is Free Trade.

A change is, however, coming over the mind of the people. It has been long brewing. At one time it was rapidly gaining ground. But political exigency, Irish difficulty, and a passing improvement retarded progress. Now the air is again becoming charged! Recent electoral events show clearly that the people are more interested in social problems affecting themselves than in political differences. Protection for labour is the order of the day. Protection against free competition from within is, for the moment, the chief objective. It is indisputably proved. What is compulsory trades unionism, what are resolutions by public bodies as to the action of the contractors they employ towards their men, what is the Eight Hours' movement, but protection for labour?

As these points are gained little by little, the question of protection from unfair foreign competition is advancing. A very slight thing may precipitate it. Party loyalty may hold it back for a time, but it will come before long with irresistible force. Timid Conservatism may be afraid to meet it with the outstretched hand of encouragement the heart dictates; but the party of aspiration will not be so backward. The experience of forty-four years—nay, rather of the nineteen years of peace, has been, indisputably to prove the actual realisation of every one of the forebodings enumerated by the four-score peers who subscribed in 1846 to the eloquent protest said to have been drawn by the late Lord Derby. Succinctly stated they were—the dependence of the United Kingdom upon foreign countries for its supply of food; the risk of failure of supply in case of war; the throwing of agricultural land out of cultivation; the impoverishment of the tenant-farmers, and the reaction upon the agricultural labourers; the injury to artisans and mechanics from competition with agricultural labourers thrown out of employment; the ruin of tradesmen, retail dealers, and others in country towns, dependent for their subsistence on their

probably her mistress, the mother-in-law, too; there is no further need of her, she brings nothing in to the family coffers, she costs quite threepence a day to keep, and she is better out of the way. Of course the Chinese do not say this. They are, of all nations (ourselves not excepted), the most hypocritical.

If we are to believe their words, everything they do is done from the highest and noblest motives. Consequently, when by various acts of petty tyranny a woman's brothers-in-law have driven her to follow her husband to the "yellow fountains," the deed is represented as a voluntary one on her part, and is much belauded as another proof of conjugal love. If the family has influence enough, or if the local magistrate desires to draw attention to the prevalence of "chastity" and kindred virtues under his fostering care (he gets, or claims, the credit of them all, just as he has to suffer for the crimes), a report is sent in to the provincial authorities, who in their turn memorialise the Emperor, extolling the chaste conduct of the widow, whose virtuous determination, persisted in, despite the tears and entreaties of her affectionate brothers-in-law, has shed a lustre on the marriage-tie—that foundation of the family and the State—and has won for her the admiration of her own, and the envy of the neighbouring districts. Will His Majesty be graciously pleased to allow the family (the brothers-in-law aforesaid) to erect, at their expense, a *pai-ow*, or ornamental archway, to commemorate such distinguished fidelity? His Majesty is invariably so pleased, and the whole case, being minutely reported (from the brothers-in-law's point of view) in the *Peking Gazette*, remains, like the *pai-ow*, as a standing inducement to other widows to hang or poison themselves, and a powerful weapon for other rapacious or parsimonious kinsfolk.

Thus encouraged in the very highest quarters (the Chinese Government will encourage—or rather will not discourage—any custom, however foolish, which is at once popular and not seditious), it is not to be wondered at that a Chinese girl of good family comes to consider it meritorious not to survive her husband. Hence the occurrence of suicide of so-called "widows" in cases where pressure could not have been brought to bear by the brothers-in-law, namely, when the "widow" has never seen her husband or his brothers. As with us, a marriage consists of two parts, the betrothal and the wedding; but, unlike our own, a Chinese betrothal is regarded (with certain very rare exceptions) as indissoluble. In fact, when once the marriage contract is signed, the girl may be considered as married, except that she is not yet delivered to her husband—whom she does not even see until he has caused her to be brought to his (father's) house. Betrothal, then, being as binding as marriage, if the betrothed husband dies, public opinion approves of a life-long celibacy for the maiden "widow." But she is left in this case in a most invidious position. Rightly speaking, her "husband's" family should receive and maintain her, but they may (probably will) refuse, and her own family naturally object to support her, since the Chinese scheme of things finds no place for a maiden aunt. In this case both brothers and brothers-in-law may unite (their wives certainly will) in pointing out to the girl-widow the "propriety" of suicide.

Nevertheless, I am far from insisting that the suicide of a widow, wedded or betrothed, is never voluntary. Thousands of unwilling girls have been forced, as a simple if selfish provision, to enter a cloister, but at least an equal number have entered it from the conviction (studiously encouraged, it is true, that a conventual life was admirable in itself. In the same way, doubtless, many a Chinese widow of good family, where her maintenance, even to her money-loving, money-grubbing folk, was of no consequence, has committed suicide from what we may call conscientious motives, or because it was the correct thing to do.

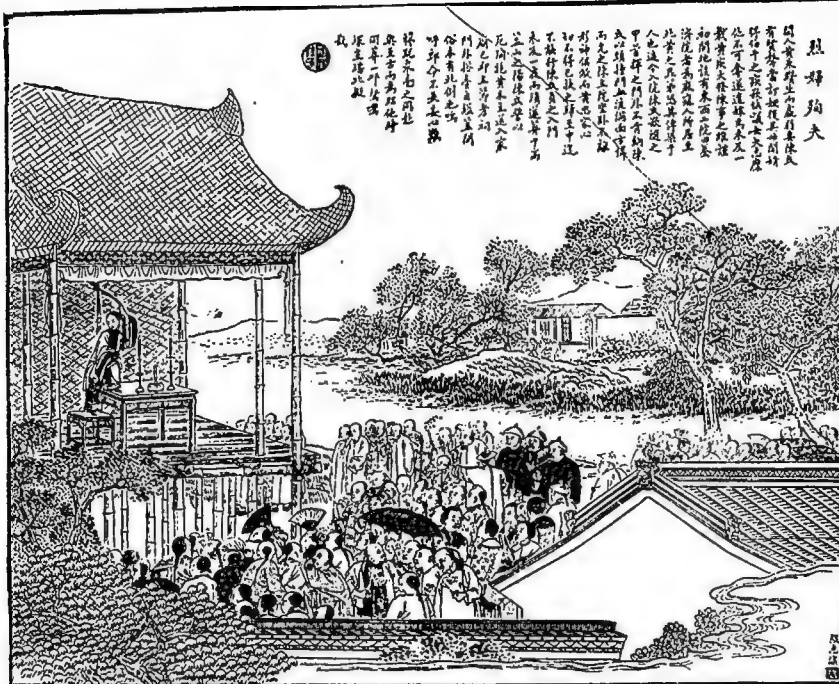
The ordinary form of widow suicide is the comparatively decorous one of opium-swallowing in the privacy of her chamber, an explanatory note being left on her person for the exculpation of her relatives and her own glorification. But in the districts round about Foochow, the capital of Fuhkien Province, these suicides are conducted in public, in a manner that has justified the description of them as a "Chinese suttee."

Professor Douglas, in the work already cited, quotes a long and highly interesting account of such a scene as witnessed by a writer in the Hong Kong *Daily Press* some thirty years ago, and papers which have appeared from time to time since testify to the continuance of the custom. The most realistic of these is supplied by the last number of the *Hwa Pao*, a Chinese *Illustrated News* (as the name imports), published since 1884, three times a month at

Shanghai. This takes the form of a sketch of the actual scene—a sketch we have reproduced. The widow is represented as standing on a stool placed upon a (temporary) erection of bamboo and coarse matting. On the table by her side are two lighted candles and a bundle of incense-sticks ("joss-sticks" the foreign residents call them) still burning. These candles and the incense mark the ceremonial (or religious, if you will) nature of the act, and it will be noticed that almost every one present also carries a lighted incense-stick—signifying that they take part in, and approve of, the ceremony. The three figures in fur (or dark silk) garments, with conical hats, topped by knobs, or "buttons," are officials; either territorial officials presiding over the virtuous act, or at least gracing it by their presence, or they are relatives of the widow or her late husband who possess official rank, and have turned out in their State robes to do honour to the occasion. There are several women present (in the foreground), dressed in holiday attire, and one spectator has mounted on his back, the better to enjoy the view, a child of three or four. The scene takes place in the full light of day, for fans are being waved, and a foreign umbrella is displayed—an incongruity, but true to modern Chinese nature. Remarks are freely interchanged, of approval everywhere, and enjoyment in most places. There appears no sense of pathos, yet (as the little letter-press in the upper corner tells us) the girl's story was pathetic enough. Her husband had been weakly from his birth, but it was not till after the betrothal that her mother discovered that he was suffering from some contagious disease, apparently leprosy. This would have been a valid excuse for breaking off the engagement; or, at any rate, the mother wished to break it off on this account, but the girl refused, and the marriage took place. A year later the disease had made such strides that the man's brothers forcibly confined him in a lazaretto. His wife begged to accompany him, and, when repulsed, beat her head against the door till in pity they let her in. She never left her husband's side until he was clearly dying, when she bore him on her back to his home. At his funeral she took a vow not to survive him, and after carrying his spirit-tablet (the inscribed slip of wood that serves as embodiment of the deceased in all ancestral "worship") to a temple, erected with in sight of it this stage of bamboo and matting on which to hang herself and so rejoice him.

We may believe the story or not, as we choose. Possibly the girl was driven to this odious marriage—Chinese girls constantly are—possibly she unwittingly shared her husband's confinement, and was compelled to share his death. Possibly she acted as she is said to have acted, through conscientious, if mistaken, motives. Whatever her reason, the main facts of her story are true enough—common enough—and, were Chinese hearts as sensitive as ours, sad enough, too.

W. H. W.



A CHINESE SUTTEE
From a drawing by a Chinese Artist

dealings with those engaged in agriculture; the especial injury to Ireland by the reduction of the demand for labour; the tendency to sever the strongest bond of union between this country and those colonies to which the Empire owes so much of its greatness.

You thus, my Lords, in 1846, declared your anticipation of the effect of free competing imports. Not one of you, perhaps, now lives. But you were true prophets. You describe the exact condition of your country in 1890.

Is emigration—expatriation, the remedy? Millions—ten millions—have been driven to it in the past few years. Unable to get industrial protection at home, they seek it over the ocean.

No, emigration is not the true remedy, apart from its present impracticability. The only remedy, in default of free trade, of free exchange, of selling in proportion as we buy, is protection for British labour against the foreigner. Charity begins at home. That is the New Political Economy. That is the True Political Economy, and it must prevail.

Employ the people. Fair trade and fair wages for British Industry. Work for the "Submerged Tenth"—for "the millions in a state of abject destitution and misery." This, says General Booth, is The Only Way Out of Darkest England.

SUTTEE IN CHINA

CHINESE public opinion has always strongly condemned the remarriage of widows. At the same time, Chinese parsimony has protested against the maintenance of a deceased brother's wife. The resultant of these two forces is, all over China, the suicide of widows, and, in the province of Fuhkien, at any rate (whence our teas come, or, alas! did come), suttee. I do not mean to say that all Chinese widows commit suicide willingly, or of necessity; indeed, the proceeding is regarded as exceptional—but for that reason all the more praiseworthy. A widow with children would have few or no motives for the act; one with a powerful or wealthy father could not be driven into it without danger to her brothers-in-law; a poor widow in a humble family would probably prefer the other alternative—to be sold in re-marriage to a new husband.

But the popular sentiment is distinctly in favour of suicide. The reason for this is, I fear, not the romantic one given by Professor Douglas ("China," p. 80) who speaks of wives "refusing to survive their husbands," and "putting a voluntary end to their own existence rather than live to mourn their loss." The Chinese are not a romantic people, but, on the contrary, eminently practical. They encourage the suicide of widows, simply because a widow is an encumbrance. She has done her work in bearing children, or (and in this case she can expect no consideration whatever) has not done it; the husband whose domestic slave she was is dead, and



"OLD FRIENDS"
FROM THE PICTURE BY W. HUGGINS

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

IV.

THE fairies are in great request this season. They play an important part in "The Children of the Castle" (Macmillan), for Mrs. Molesworth's present contribution is more fanciful than her wont. The boys and girl who dwell by the sea saw many strange sights in a fairy world, and their adventures are as fascinating as any by which the writer has charmed the present generation. Such a subject gives full scope to Mr. Walter Crane's pencil. Then here are innumerable old friends gathered together by Mr. Andrew Lang in "The Red Fairy-Book" (Longmans, Green), a fitting sequel to his "Blue Fairy-Book" of last year. This time Mr. Lang has gone to somewhat less known sources for most of his material, and the book, with Messrs. L. Speed and H. J. Ford's drawings, is a treasure-house for the children. It is difficult to choose between Mr. Lang's collection and "The Doyle Fairy Book" (Dean), which contains more familiar nursery legends, illustrated by the artist whose hand was once so well known in *Punch's* pages. Folk-lore notes on the stories and a memoir of Doyle enhance the interest of the volume. Amongst such well-known fairy-tales appear several of Dr. George MacDonald's poetically-framed sketches, "The Light Princess" (Blackie); a fresh edition of Nathaniel Hawthorne's ever-green "Wonderbook for Girls and Boys" (Routledge); and a reprint of the charming German stories by the late Richard Leander, "Dreams by French Firesides" (Black), translated by J. Raleigh, and illustrated with much humour by Louis Wain. Written whilst the author was serving before Paris during the Franco-German War, this last volume is full of strangely-ethereal fancies to be conceived amid such grim surroundings. The discoverers of new fairy-lore are generally little girls who penetrate into strange places, so the footsteps of "Maggie in Mythica" (Swan Sonnenschein), by F. B. Doveton, and "Rosalinda" (Allen), by A. Cross and B. Atkinson, may be followed with the certainty of finding ample amusement. These form a pair of pretty fairy-books, whose spirit is neatly carried out by the respective pencils of T. H. Wilson and A. L. Barrington. To conclude this group, "Bluebeard" and "Aladdin" have now joined the "Old Corner Series" (Griffith, Farran).

More solid fare now claims attention. This is the "machine age," and so, very fittingly, Mr. R. Routledge's valuable volume on "Discoveries and Inventions of the Nineteenth Century" (Routledge) comes out afresh, with sufficient revisions and additions to bring the work up to date, and render it a regular compendium of easy mechanical knowledge for the general public. Mr. H. Frith touches on several of the same branches in his "Triumphs of Modern Engineering" (Griffith, Farran), but his information is rather less technical for the benefit of the light reader. It is a most useful work, which should be in every boy's library, where, moreover, might well be found the terse biographies of "Famous Men of Science" (Hodder and Stoughton), by Sarah K. Bolton. From Galileo to Frank Buckland the authoress portrays men of varied natures and talents, all pressing to the same goal in pursuit of knowledge.—Another memoir recalls the Birmingham philanthropist "Joseph Sturge" (Swan Sonnenschein), whose efforts against slavery, and to promote the peace of nations are represented sympathetically by A. Peckover. Many of the lessons taught by his life are pressed home in the Sunday evening addresses to young men by the Rev. J. Thain Davidson, "A Good Start" (Hodder and Stoughton), abounding in sensible practical advice.—So, too, with Mr. J. T. Dale's advice to both young men and women in "The Way to Win" (Griffith, Farran), which touches upon almost every characteristic of existence, and aims, not unsuccessfully, at showing how to succeed in life.—Now the author of "The Habits of Good Society" (Hogg) is more concerned with the manners, than the character of his readers; and as the book is a reprint, some of the maxims on etiquette are just a wee bit behind the times.

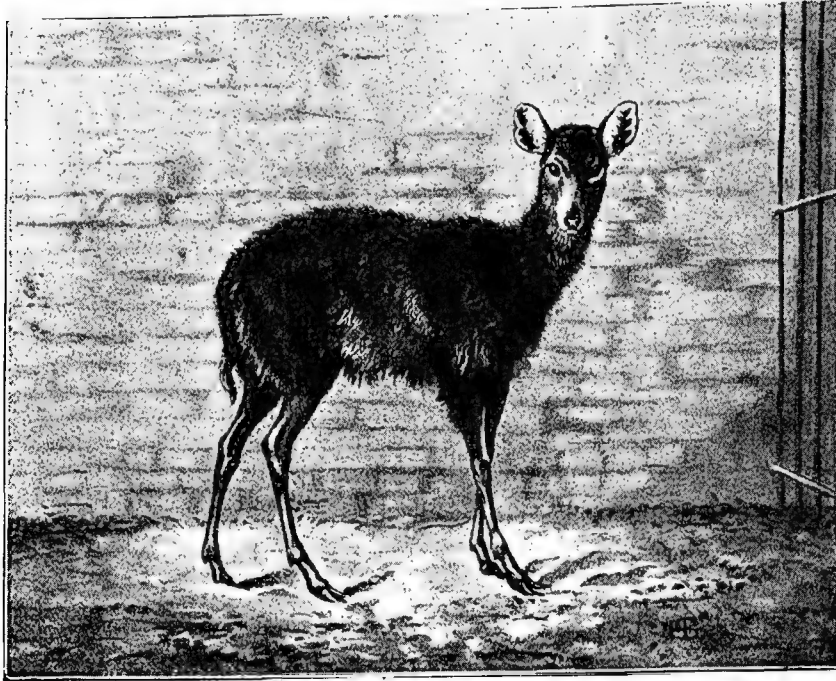
Most boys have a mania for pigeons at some time or other, and they will glean some useful information from Mr. George Ure's "Our Fancy Pigeons" (Elliot Stock), which is not a book of reference alone, but a cheery, gossiping series of notes by a born naturalist, touching besides on other birds and on wild flowers.—A true lover of nature, too, has written the boys' book, "Twixt School and College" (Blackie), for Dr. Gordon Stables' pictures of the lower creation and the rustic surroundings of the Scottish farm are delightful when combined with a happy, homely history of boyish perseverance.—There is much more originality here than in his "For England, Home, and Beauty" (Shaw), which belongs to the stereotyped round of sea-stories, though teeming with adventures in the days of Howe and Nelson.—School-life and its temptations are well portrayed by R. M. Freeman in "Steady and Strong" (Griffith Farran), a taking narrative of good honest tone.—Again, frank, pleasant young Englishmen come to the front in "Duty's Bondman" (S.P.C.K.), by Helen Shipton, and "Rex Raynor" (Warne), by Silas Hocking, both heroes forsaking ease for the sake of duty, and being rewarded by success in life and the hand of their own true love.—But boys cannot always be reading, so, when they tire, let them prepare to distinguish themselves at Christmas gatherings, and either learn some piece out of the new series of "The Encore Reciter" (Warne), edited by F. Marshall Steele, or study "Tricks with Cards" (Routledge), from Professor Hoffmann's "Modern Magic," with the certainty of succeeding if they follow his minute instructions. Or, with their sisters, they may get up some capital "Acting Charades and Proverbs" (Routledge), by Anne Bowman and other writers, which will prove a perfect boon to would-be actors not possessed of much inventive genius.—Miss Whinyates' pleasing little play of the Cavalier and Roundhead period, "Sir Rupert" (Dean), will also be useful.

Our friends across the sea need their Christmas cards despatched in good time, so Mr. Whitfield's "Ocean Series" should be seen at once. The words are framed especially for messages to those far away, and the cards themselves are pretty. Messrs. Alexander Baird's contributions from Glasgow improve every year, and are now most dainty artistic productions. The "Scotch" series are new and very amusing to send to friends of "Caledonia wild," and the "Golden" series are charmingly designed and shaped, to say nothing of the cards printed for private families.

THE OLDEST PORTION OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENT is believed to be Mount Marcy, the highest summit of the Adirondack range.

SPEKE'S ANTELOPE

AMONG the additions lately made to the Zoological Gardens is a fine female specimen of this antelope, which was discovered by the explorer at Karagweh. This rare animal is only found in the reed-beds of the great African lakes. The present specimen is the first ever brought alive to Europe. It was captured by Mr. J. A. Nicolls, in the swampy district north of Lake Ngami, and brought down in his waggon 900 miles to Kimberley, and thence by rail to Cape Town. The Boars call this antelope the "water kudu." It is clothed with rough hair, and provided with very long extended



SPEKE'S ANTELOPE—A RECENT ADDITION TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

toes, which enable it to traverse the swamps where it lives. On a hard surface it can scarcely move, so its compartment in the "Zoo" has been provided with peat earth and a water-tank for its accommodation.

"SLAVE-SOLDIERS" FROM MOZAMBIQUE

THE natives of Mozambique portrayed in our sketch appear to have a very real grievance against the Portuguese Government and to be representatives of a great many whose misfortunes are far worse than theirs. The tallest of the four on the platform is Zimba, a local chief who bears the title of Sultan among his own people, though that title is disputed by an uncle. Early in the present year he was invited by the Portuguese to go to Lisbon, there to make good his claim to the Sultanate, and on this pretext he was put on shipboard with a large number of his followers. On the voyage, however, he found reason for believing that he and his people were being taken not all the way to Portugal, but only so far as St. Paul de Loanda, where they would be doomed to life-long slavery. Accordingly, when the vessel called at Cape Town he and about fifty others, including the nine crouching figures in the front of the picture, contrived to escape, and most of them have since obtained employment in the British Colony. At the end of September they were joined by fourteen other runaways,



SUPPOSED SLAVES WHO ESCAPED FROM A PORTUGUESE MAIL STEAMER AT CAPE TOWN

part of the human cargo of the *Rei de Portugal*, which had also put in at Cape Town on the way from the East to the West Coast. These are the men standing up in the picture. Their story is that they had been kidnapped in Mozambique, and treated in every way as slaves on their passage south. Through the intervention of Mr. Bellaysse, who has already befriended Zimba and his party, application was promptly made to the Supreme Court at Cape Town for the detention of the *Rei de Portugal* until all the blacks on board had been released—or, at any rate, till the officers in charge had proved that the men were not slaves, but, as they alleged, had been lawfully impressed for foreign service as soldiers. This application, though forcibly urged by the Cape Attorney General, was not successful.

The Chief Justice took a middle course in ruling that the vessel might not be boarded or detained; while, at the same time, he declined to sanction the restoration of the fugitives to their

owners. Consequently these fourteen, as well as Zimba's men, remain at Cape Town, and efforts are now being made to secure a searching inquiry into their case by the Downing Street authorities, and yet more to prevent what their champions declare is a systematic traffic in slaves, on pretence of their being soldiers, carried on by Portuguese traders with the sanction of the Lisbon Government. It is worthy of note that when the *Loanda*, another of the same line of Portuguese steamers, called at Cape Town in the middle of October, as we hear by the last Mail, the utmost precaution was taken to keep its black freight out of sight.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

The measure of "Don Juan" has been chosen by Mr. A. L. Stevenson, B.A., as best fitted for a story in verse of London and Monte Carlo, entitled "Raymond" (Kegan Paul). There is no very intricate plot, and the hero is rewarded by a happy marriage for the misfortune which befalls him late in the last canto. Mr. Stevenson has much facility in the manipulation of his eight-lined stanzas. He is occasionally smart, though far behind his model. He sees some of the more palpable inconsistencies of our civilisation, which observers variously dub "cant" and "humbug," and is appropriately scornful. The moralising is fairly clever, though it does not rise, as a rule, sufficiently above the commonplace to enable us to predict a future as a satirist for the poet. The following is a good average specimen of his style and manner:—

'Tis strange a man should "live laborious days,"
And "scorn delights" not for the sake of fame,
Or even to secure a transient blaze
Of pleasure, which such efforts well might claim—
No, but a pyramid of gold to raise,
Which will put all his neighbours' heaps to shame;
So that, when laid within his narrow cell,
His grieving friends may say "He cut us well!"

There is promise of quite a brilliant character in "The Immortals and Other Poems" (Fisher Unwin), by a new poet, Mr. R. Warwick Bond. Of the principal poem it may be observed that it consists largely of an imagined debate among the *Dieux Morts* of poetry. While each speech is intended fairly to represent the poet to whom it is allotted, it is also meant to reflect the spirit of the times to which, whether as cause, product, or accompanying condition, he belonged. The metre of the poem, as well as its suggestion, is derived from the beautiful verses, "Rest," by the late Cardinal Newman, which are to be found in the *Lyra Apostolica*. There is both dignity and sweetness in Mr. Bond's work, and he is rarely unequal whether in rendering profound thought or in suggesting landscapes and the atmosphere of his subject. We venture to quote the three opening stanzas of "The Immortals":—

The year was full:
The sheaves were carried, and the harvest-mirth
Was half-forgotten in the dreamy lull
That comforts patient Earth
In late September, when the misty dawn
Comes with more languorous grace across the forest law:
On a still day
I wandered in a woody shoreward glen,
Musing whose fathomless dim secrets lay
About the life of men:
And, at the noon, my wandering sense was blest
With sight of birds long dead, and joys they now possessed.
In a deep nook
Of Paradise, whose silence was unstirred
Save by low murmurings born of falling brook,
Or floating breeze, or bird
Sweeter than earthly, lay the lords of Mind,
On beds of asphalt and amaranth reclined.

In "The Fall of the Leaf" we have a vivid picture of the woodland in October, and with it a fine vein of reflection on the human lessons suggested by the scenes. In almost all the poems in this neatly-bound book a high level of merit, taste, judgment, and poetic feeling is maintained.

THE SUICIDE CLUB imagined by Mr. R. L. Stevenson is a very ghastly reality in Bridgeport, Connecticut, U.S.A. The Club was formed two years ago, and strict obedience to the rules soon reduced the association to the President and Secretary, who are exempt from self-destruction. Four more members then joined, and one of these, Emil Ziemske, has just poisoned himself according to orders. At the subsequent meeting Ziemske's sacrifice was formally commemorated, and a ballot taken to select the next member who must destroy himself within the year.

THE ROYAL TOMBS IN THE ABBEY OF SAINT DENIS, Paris, suffer considerably from the damp, which destroys the wooden coffins ranged on tiers in the vaults. Not long ago, the Duc d'Angoulême obtained permission to place the remains of his Condé ancestors in fresh receptacles, while last week some Government officials enclosed the old worn-out coffins of Louis XVI. and the Duc de Berri in new strong oaken coverings. The inner lead coffin was quite intact, so the dead were not disturbed.

THE FLOODS NOW DEVASTATING NORTHERN CHINA cause great misery. Looking south from Tientsin, no land appears for thirty miles, and in other directions for one hundred miles. The whole neighbourhood is one vast sea. In many parts the water has no outlet from the plains, and can only disappear by evaporation, so that the land will be covered for three years at least. It is the same old story in other districts, where violent winds have forced waters over the embankments, or rivers have cut new outlets for themselves. Sometimes the residents of certain villages have cut the banks protecting other villages, in order to divert the course of the floods from their own homes, and so the people have fought fiercely over such selfishness while their crops and houses were being washed away. Much charity relieves the distress, however. One benevolent society buys up the cattle of drowned-out farmers to keep them until the owners can again use the beasts, and another relief superintendent has provided about 3,000 warm wadded coats for the homeless.

THE INDIAN NAME "BABOO" was originally a very honourable title, though now generally applied to Hindoos in not over-respectful sense. It is a compound Persian word—*Ba*, meaning "with" and *boo*, "fragrance or scent," so that in the early days of its origin *Baboo* signified a person rich enough to use scent, which was not so cheap then as now. Indeed, only the *Shahzadas* and *Nawabzadas* could afford scent, and thus "Baboo" was equivalent to the English title of Duke.

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LEGAL

MR. ROMER, Q.C., has been appointed to a Judgeship of the Chancery Division, vacant through the elevation of Mr. Justice Kay to be a Lord Justice of Appeal. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow, after having been Senior Wrangler and Great Smith's Prizeman in 1863. He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1867, and joined the South-Eastern Circuit. Appointed an Examiner in Civil Law to the University of Cambridge in 1869-70, he was made a Q.C. in 1881, and elected a Bencher of his Inn in 1884. Mr. Romer married a daughter of the late Mr. Mark Lemon, editor of *Punch*, whose widow died last week.

THE LONG TALKED-OF DIVORCE SUIT brought by Captain O'Shea, in which Mr. Parnell, M.P., was co-respondent, has been tried before Mr. Justice Butt and a special jury. The cause was virtually undefended, Mr. Parnell neither being represented by counsel nor appearing in the witness-box; while Mrs. O'Shea, though represented by counsel, Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., and another, took no part in the proceedings. The Solicitor-General, Sir E. Clarke, led for the petitioner. The evidence was so conclusive that the jury almost immediately returned a verdict for Captain O'Shea, whom at the same time they acquitted of the charge of connivance which had been brought against him on the part of the respondent. The usual decree *nisi* was then pronounced, the Judge ordering that Captain O'Shea should have the custody of the two children of the marriage who are under sixteen. He gave an order for costs against Mr. Parnell, and also, on proof being adduced that she has separate estate, against Mrs. O'Shea.

A HORRIBLE MURDER has been perpetrated in the neighbourhood of Bolton, Lancashire. The victim, Miss Elizabeth A. Holt, described as a prepossessing young lady of twenty-one, was engaged as a mistress at Belmont Church Schools, three miles from her home at Dunscar, which she was in the habit of leaving every Monday morning, returning on Friday evening. She left home as usual on Monday morning, the 10th inst., about half-past seven, and was never seen or heard of until the following Saturday afternoon, when her dead body was found at the bottom of a "clough" or dell. Her throat had been cut, and there were indications that there had been a struggle between her and her murderer. The discovery was followed by the arrest of a man named Thomas Macdonald, who is said to have been released on ticket-of-leave last April from a term of penal servitude for a very foul outrage, and who had been seen following the ill-fated young lady on the morning of her last departure from home, and very near the spot where the body was found. A coroner's inquest was held on Monday and adjourned. On the same day the prisoner, perfectly cool and collected, and asserting his innocence, was charged with murder at the local police-court and remanded. He had scratches on his face and hands. There was also found on him a small knife, and the medical man who conducted the *post-mortem* examination has expressed the opinion that such a knife might have been used to cut the throat of the poor girl, who supported a widowed mother, and who was a general favourite in the district.

MRS. PEARCEY was brought up on remand before the Marylebone police-magistrate on Tuesday, and, the evidence against her having been completed, she was committed for trial on the charge of having murdered the late Mr. Parnell, M.P., at the Central Criminal Court. To the usual question by the magistrate, she replied in a clear, though weak, voice, "I have nothing to say now, but, please, sir, I reserve my defence."

GEORGE RICE, the signalman at Norton Fitzwarren on the occasion of the frightful railway disaster on Tuesday last week, is to be tried on a charge of felonious homicide at Taunton to-day (Saturday). When before the Taunton magistrates, who committed him, day). According to the evidence of a sergeant of the police, who had a conversation with him at the scene of the disaster, he reserved his defence. The prisoner told him that he had subsequently to its occurrence, the prisoner told him that he had shunted a goods train to the up-line to allow a down-line train to pass, and that after the down train had passed he received a signal that the up-express was coming, whereupon, he continued, "I did not give it a thought about having the goods train on the up-line, so I pulled off my signals, and the express came dashing on. As soon as I heard the crash I knew what I had done."

CATHERINE T. RIORDAN has been tried at Oxford, before Mr. Justice Mathew, on the charge of shooting, with intent to murder, Dr. J. Franck Bright. The evidence adduced was much the same as that given at the coroner's inquest, the only material addition being a statement by Mr. Haines that he had known the prisoner from early in 1888 till the middle of 1889, and that on one occasion he had an interview with her this year, when she spoke to him in an excited way about his engagement. Practically there was no defence. After an absence of half-an-hour the jury found the prisoner guilty of wounding with intent to do grievous bodily harm. The Judge, pointing out that she had had no ground of complaint against Dr. Bright, sentenced her to six years' penal servitude.

THE TWO PUGILISTS Slavin and McAuliffe, the proceedings against whom have been more than once reported in this column, were tried at the Newington Sessions House on Monday for assaulting each other on the occasion of their recent boxing contest at the Ormonde Club. After two hours deliberation the jury were unable to agree, and were eventually discharged. The two defendants entered into reduced recognisances to appear for re-trial at the ensuing Sessions.

THE TRIAL OF AN ACTION brought by the London School Board against a firm of builders for breach of contract in the erection of a school at Kilburn was brought to a close on Tuesday. When summing up, Mr. Justice Day said that in view of the manner in which the business of the architect's office of the School Board was conducted in 1884 and 1885, the wonder was that the contractors did not take even greater advantage than they had done of the temptations placed in their way. The jury found for the plaintiff, damages 2,141*l.*, but at the same time strongly condemned the state of things disclosed by the inquiry as having existed in the architect department of the London School Board.

CHURCH NEWS

FAILURE HAS ATTENDED the application for a *mandamus* to the Bishop of London to allow a second "representation" against the reredos in St. Paul's to issue in a prosecution. The first "representation" which the Bishop refused to act on, and which is now the subject of an appeal to the House of Lords, was based on the allegation that the reredos simply tended to encourage "superstitious reverence." The second went further, and asserted that acts of superstitious reverence had often been actually committed in connection with the reredos. The Bishop, however, refused to discover any such difference between the two representations as would warrant his sanction of a prosecution in the second case. The new application was made to Mr. Justice Hawkins and Mr. Justice Stephen, sitting in the Queen's Bench Division. On account of the difference, already referred to, between the two representations, Mr. Justice Stephen was strongly of opinion that a *mandamus* should issue, but, as Mr. Justice Hawkins agreed with the Bishop, the application was refused.

BISHOP BARRY (a portrait and biography of whom is given elsewhere) succeeds to the Canonry of Windsor, vacant through the appointment of Canon Eliot to the Deanery of Windsor.—As Dean of Peterborough, Dr. Perowne, Bishop Designate of Worcester, is succeeded by the Rev. Canon Argles, since 1879 a Canon of Peterborough, and since 1859 Rector of Barnack. He is very popular in the Diocese, and has given several thousands of pounds towards the restoration of Peterborough Cathedral, besides restoring some years ago the fine Norman church at Barnack.—The Canonry of Peterborough, thus vacated, has been conferred on the Rev. F. Cecil Alderson, Rector of Holdenby, Northamptonshire, youngest son of the late Baron Alderson, and a brother of the Marquess of Salisbury.

THE BISHOPS OF DURHAM AND MANCHESTER are to be added to the list of prelates from whom General Booth has received letters of sympathy and encouragement in connection with his philanthropic scheme. The Bishop of Manchester promises to send him next year 100*l.* in furtherance of it.

THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY is to be the President, and Canon W. Cooke, Chairman of Council, of the new "Henry Bradshaw Society," which is called after the late admirable librarian of Cambridge University, and the object of which is to print rare theological manuscripts and editions.

THE LATE CANON LIDDON left per onal estate valued at 47,226*l.* In his will, made in November, 1885, the item of most general interest is his bequest of all his manuscripts and letters to Canon Paget, of Oxford, the Rev. Charles Gore, Principal of Pusey House, the Rev. J. A. Johnston, of Keble College, and the testator's two sisters, all of whom conjointly he authorised to arrange for the publication of his unfinished biography of Dr. Pusey.

A WELL-KNOWN AERONAUT has just passed away—M. Eugène Godard, who organised the balloon service out of Paris during the siege of 1870-1.



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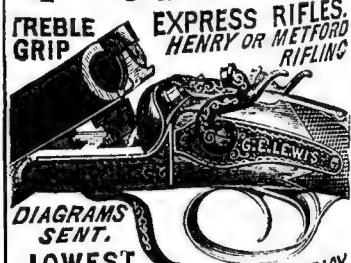
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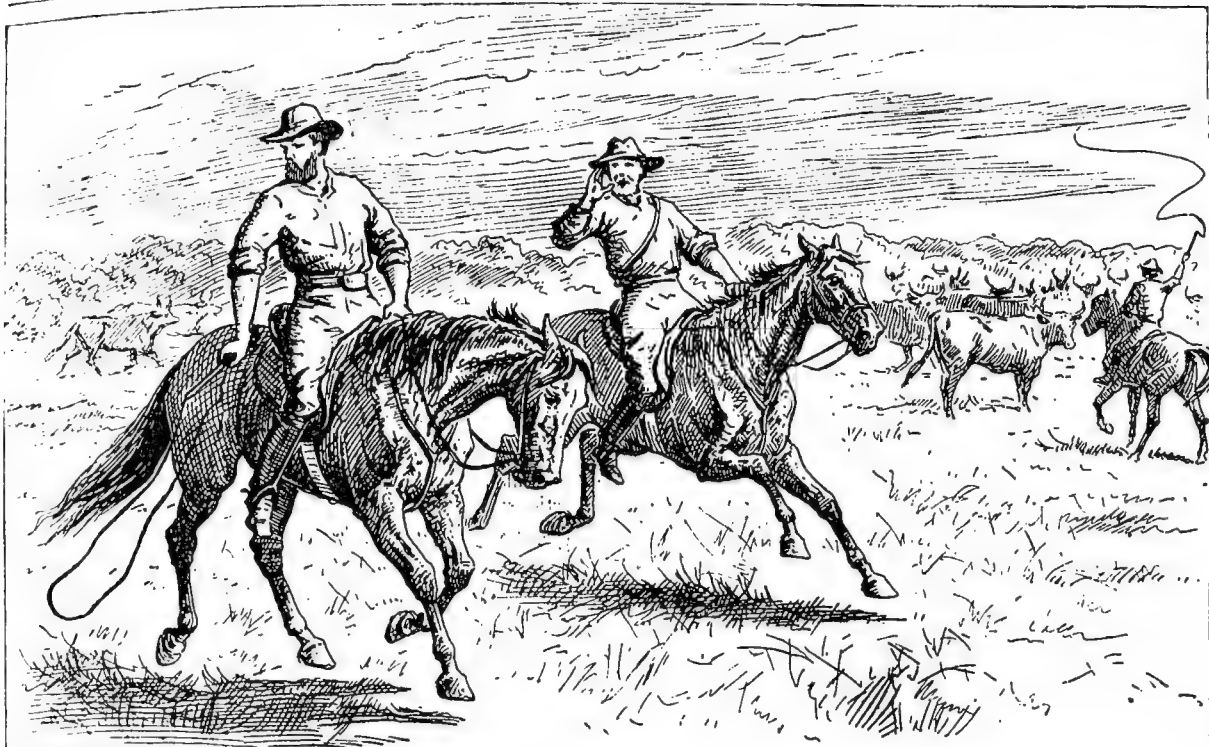
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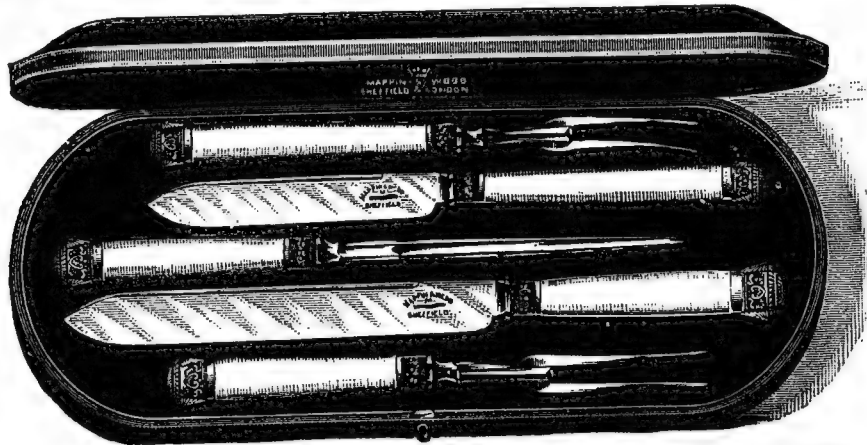
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We are by no means sure that students of the works of Miss Rhoda Broughton, who have preferred to wait for "Alas!" (Bentley and Son) in three volumes to reading it in monthly instalments, will think that their favourite authoress's long silence is quite justified by the result. They will certainly, while recognising her hand, miss something that gave her former novels their characteristic flavour—something that used to be called by many names, some complimentary, some the reverse, but which, at any rate, made her always an entertaining companion, if sometimes a provoking one. It was her mission to make stories, uninteresting in themselves, interesting by their treatment—to set off insipid meats with piquant "sauce;" and it must, with sadness, be confessed that in "Alas!" the sauce has been deplorably forgotten. Her heroines were always apt to be geese; but that by no means deprived them of the sympathy of which it is impossible to find a grain for the purely colourless Elizabeth. For that matter, the people about this needlessly dismal young woman, whose affections seem to be at the service of anybody who wants them, are as colourless as she herself, with the exception, perhaps, of a lacrymose undergraduate, and a love-lorn woman with just enough unconscious humour about her to eat the slice of wedding-cake sent her by the curate who had jilted her. There is a great deal about Florence and something about Algiers, but nothing fresh about either; and, perhaps, it is study of foreign lands and languages that has rendered Miss Broughton's English more slipshod than ever, and enabled her to call a false report a "Cancan." Why the novel is called "Alas!" we cannot tell, unless the weeping undergraduate is answerable for the title. There is a mystery in the novel, but it is never revealed, for it could not have been the story of Elizabeth's innocent and childish escapade which sent the young man first into a fit and then into a brain fever with horror.

There is but one fault to find with Mr. F. Marion Crawford's "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance" (2 vols.: Macmillan and Co.). It is the serious one of employing complex and elaborate machinery for producing a simple effect which could have been better obtained, and rendered much more effective, by perfectly simple means. We have carefully considered the matter with respect to a piece of workmanship important enough to make it worth considering, and have come to the conclusion that the only result of Count Skaria's peculiar form of lunacy is to substitute a cold psychological problem for the main interest, that is to say, the touching devotion of Viera. One is left at the end forgetting the latter in speculations upon her lover's malady. In short, healthy human nature is best illustrated under normal and healthy conditions; and the figure of the Count is so evidently a *tour de force* for the sake of originality as, combined with exceptionally unfamiliar surroundings, to give the whole story some-

what the effect of a fairy tale. One cannot help imagining how some French master of the *conte* would have treated so admirable a subject, and in less than half the space. But it would give a wrong general impression to dwell upon the reasons why "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance" falls unnecessarily short of superlative excellence. After all, it is not many stories that approach such excellence. To lence close enough for any falling short to be noticeable. To describe the nature of the plot—the action of which is ingeniously confined to thirty-six hours—would be unfair both to the author and to the reader, who, if he feels that the whole pathos of the situation has been missed, may be confidently promised an exceptional amount (especially if he be of a critical turn) of interest and pleasure. We suppose that nobody who has read "Wuthering Heights" will fail to find their memories refreshed by Helen Shipton's "The

C. G. Compton's "Scot Free" (1 vol.: Kegan Paul and Co.) is a very curious story; as a psychological problem its theme is distinctly original—always supposing, that is to say, that one accepts C. G. Compton's *data*. He, as the author and manager of the plot, of course knows best who committed the murder which is the surprise of his tale; otherwise, we should have no difficulty in contending that he has failed to prove to the satisfaction of a jury that there was any murder at all, and we trust that his heroine is not still letting her life be spoiled by such sole evidence as a madman's letter which may well have been the outcome of a delusion. We have carefully avoided throwing any light upon the plot which might lessen its interest or diminish its surprise, seeing that the novel, while displaying much general promise, is intended to rely for its special interest on baffling the most experienced expectations. For the rest, "Scot Free" is well and brightly written, and shows more constructive skill than is at all usual.

"Locusta," by W. Outram Tristram (1 vol.: Ward and Downey), seems to be the consequence of a dream after reading "The Three Musketeers" and "The Count of Monte-Cristo" in alternate chapters. Vasta d'Amalos, a combination of Dantes, D'Artagnan, and the Admirable Crichton, has vowed to take ix lives in vengeance for the death of Henry Prince of Wales, who has been poisoned by order of his father, James I. It would be impossible to follow out the fearful sword-fights, miraculous escapes, and melodramatic scenes which lead, seriatim, to the deaths of Sir Thomas Overbury, Mrs. Turner, Sir Gervase Elways, and, lastly, of the King himself—the last by poison at the hands of the Duke of Buckingham. The intending reader will know exactly what to expect from the concluding passage:—

"As he drew nearer, urging his already staggering horse remorselessly forward, he caught sight of Vasta d'Amalos, who stood motionless by the side of the road, with his right hand raised as if in a mute interrogation. This interrogation the flying messenger acknowledged. He replied to it; not by reining in his horse; but he turned his dust-begrimed pale face to d'Amalos as he thundered by him and shouted stridently—

"The King is dead!"

"SIX!" said d'Amalos. And then raising himself in his saddle with both arms outstretched to the skies, he cried in broken tones—

"Henry Prince of Wales! Art thou not avenged?"

THE ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION

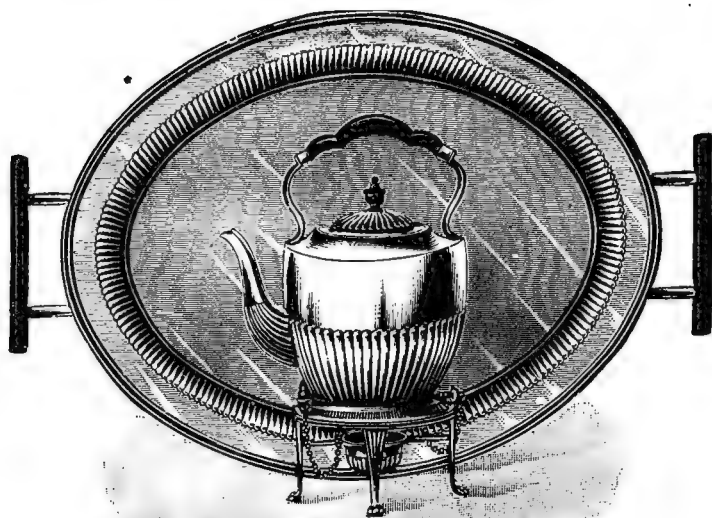
The silver tea kettle and tray shown in our illustration were presented to Major Malet, Honorary Director of the Exhibition, by the Exhibitors, in recognition of his valuable services and the universal courtesy extended to them. The tray and kettle, which are in the Queen Anne style, were manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, 158 to 162, Oxford Street, W. The tray bears the following inscription:—

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MAJOR G. E. W. MALET

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SILVER PLATE PRESENTED TO MAJOR MALET, HONORARY DIRECTOR OF THE ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION, BY THE EXHIBITORS

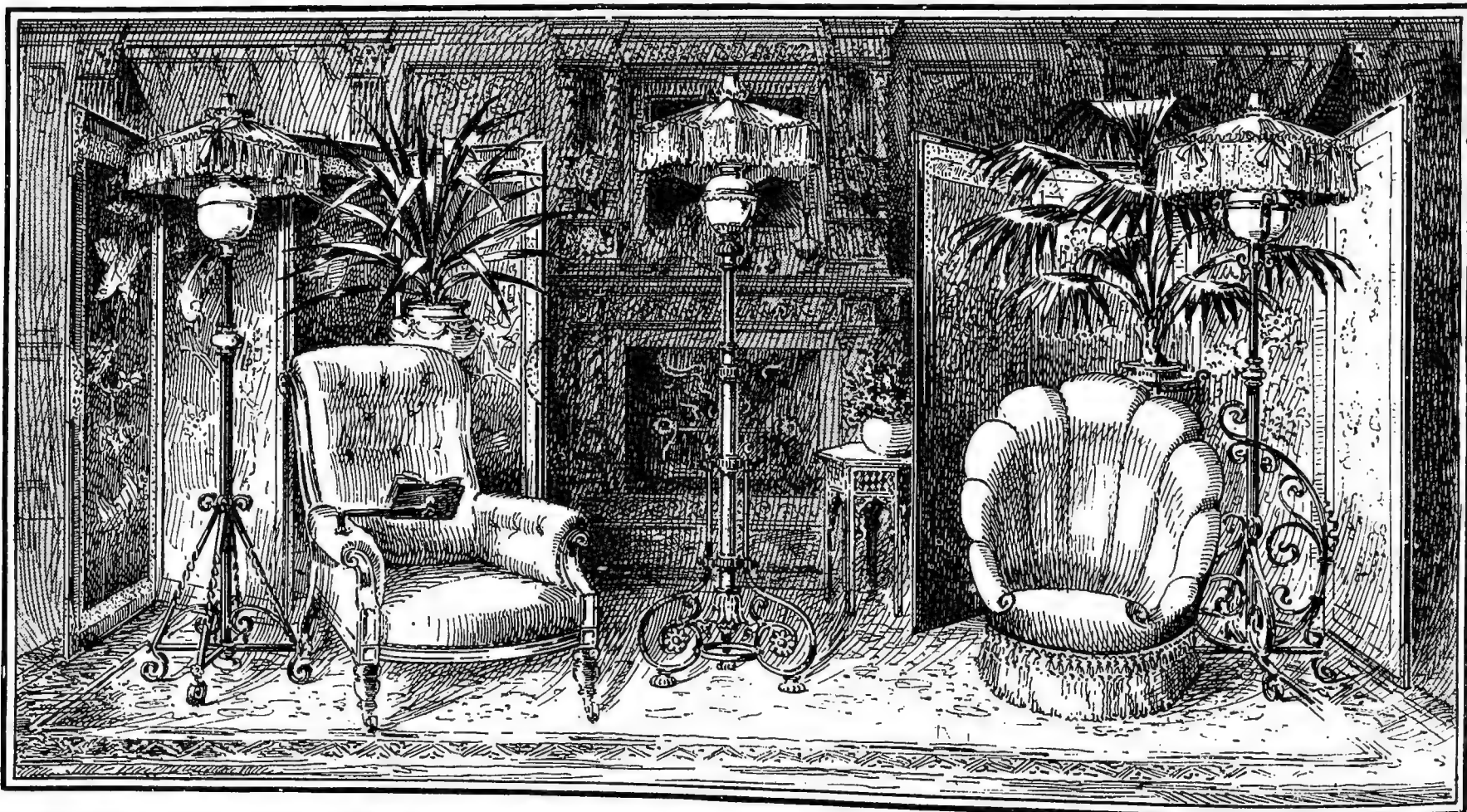
"Last of the Fenwicks" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), long before the authoress herself makes one of her characters spoil any little triumph that anybody may have got out of the discovery. Of course we cannot tell whether the rough, almost savage, life of the Fenwicks is the result of imitation or of observation. We should hope, on all grounds, of the former; but, even so, there is a great deal more than mere imitation. Helen Shipton has a power and a pathos of her own; and the general likeness by no means excludes originality of character. The story does not amount to much; but it is worth reading for the sake of its portraiture, which is exceptionally vigorous and impressive.

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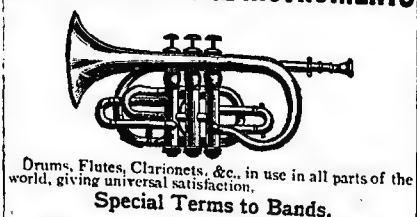
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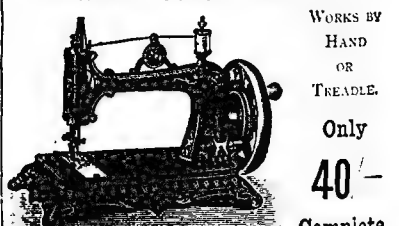
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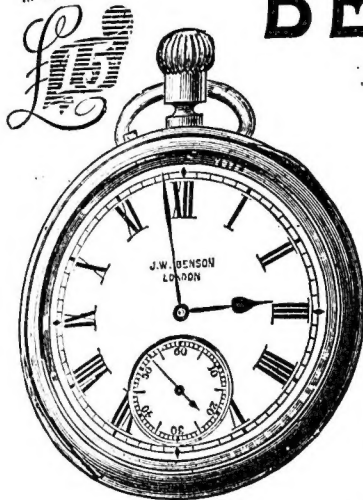
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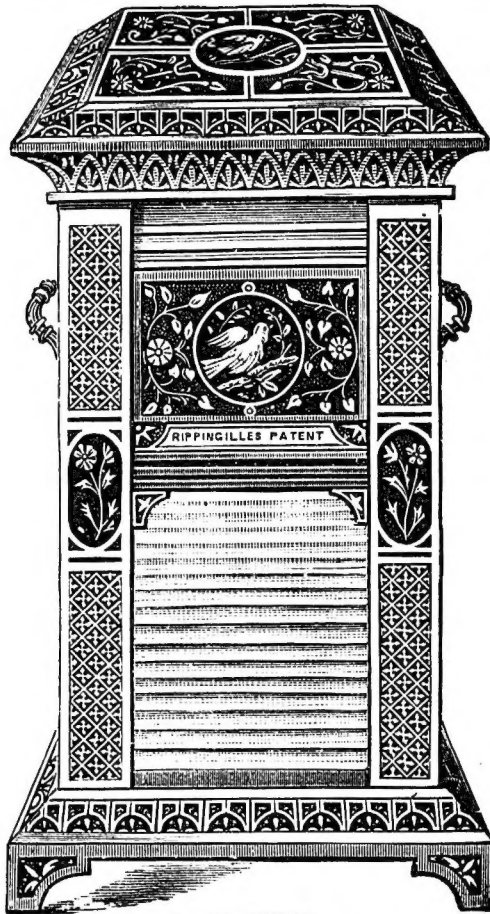
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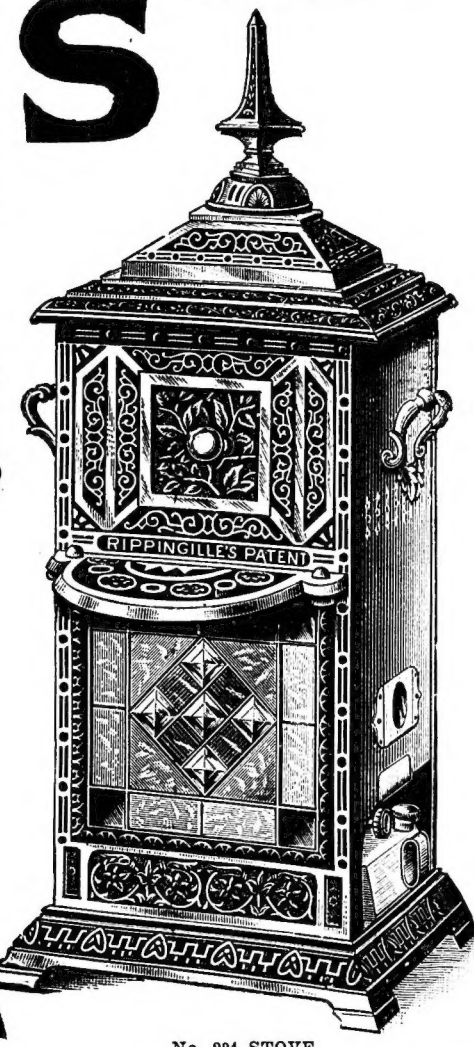
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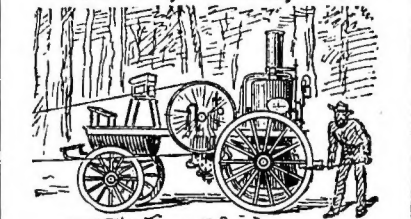
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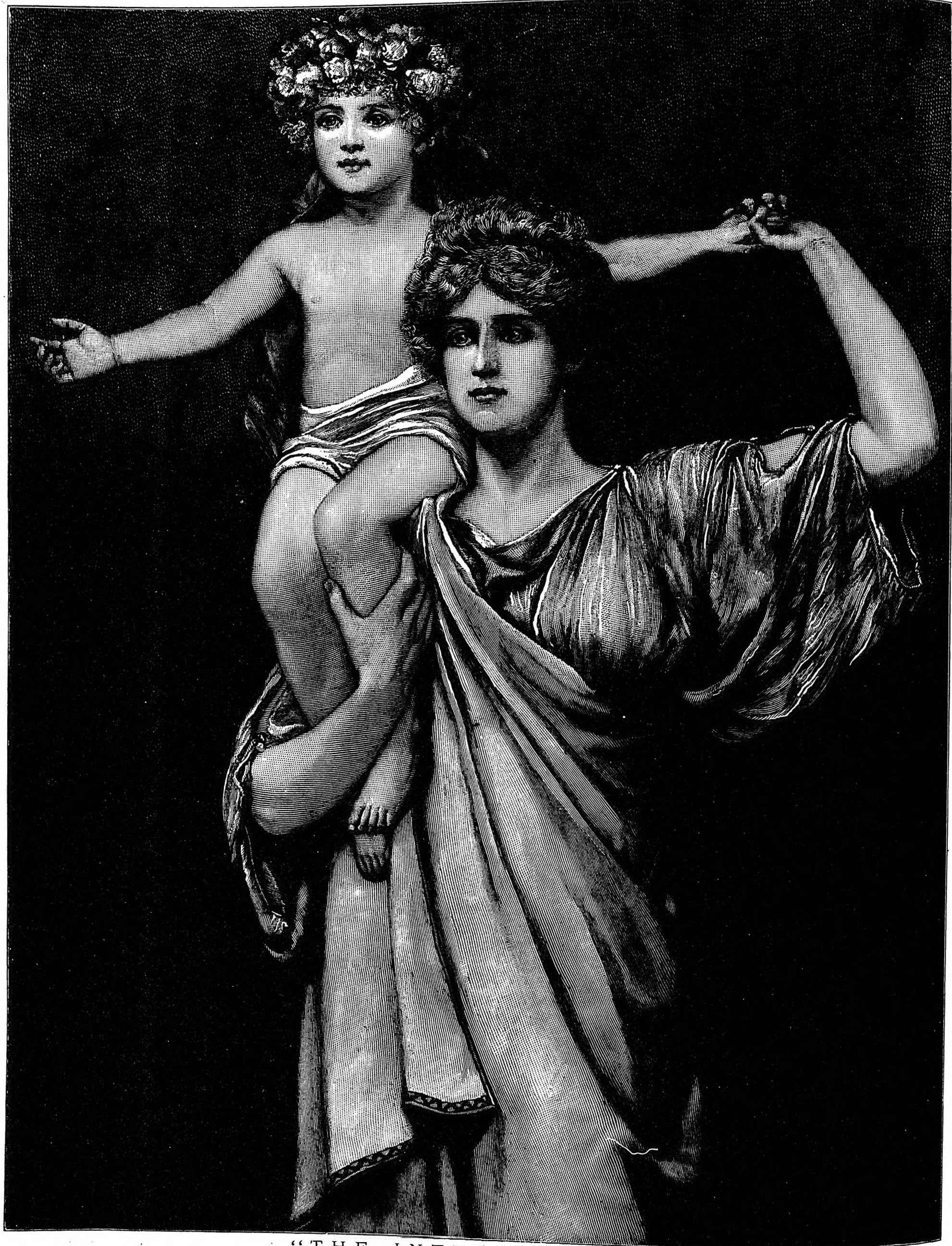
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